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THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

By

William Shakespeare

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

K. Deighton

London
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INTRODUCTION.

Date of the Play. Though the earliest mention we have of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is that in Mere's list of 1598, it was evidently written much earlier, probably about 1591. The exact date, however, is of little importance, since construction, thought, language, and character of metre alike point to its being one of Shakespeare's earliest efforts.

Sources of the Plot. For some of the incidents of the play Shakespeare was probably indebted, as the commentators have pointed out, to the story of the shepherdess Felismena in the *Diana* of Montemayor, a Spanish romance translated into English about the close of the sixteenth century, or to a play entitled 'The History of Felix and Philiomena' which was played at Greenwich in 1584. Other incidents are traced to Bandello's novel of *Apollonnis and Lylla*, while Valentine's encomium on solitude and his consenting to become head of the bandits are supposed to be taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

The Story. This opens at Verona, the native city of the Two Gentlemen, Valentine and Proteus, who have long been fast friends. The former is about to start on his travels to see something of the world; the latter, though probably of a like mind, is tied to Verona by his

love for a beautiful and sweet-natured girl, Julia. His father, however, on the advice of a friend, determines that it will be well that Proteus also should travel, and peremptorily orders him to prepare to follow Valentine's example in resorting for a while to the Emperor's court at Milan. Afraid to avow his love for Julia, Proteus can only obey. On arriving at Milan he finds that Valentine has fallen in love with the Duke's daughter, Silvia, who returns his passion. So great are the fascinations of this maiden that Proteus, forgetting his Julia, speedily becomes her captive. Faithless also to his friend, he plots to win Silvia away from him; and knowing that the Duke wishes her to marry a moneyed fool named Thurio, he treacherously reveals their betrothal, in the hope that Valentine may be banished from Milan, and the way he thus opens to him to press his suit with Silvia. The Duke falls into the trap, and Valentine has to take to hurried flight, his friend promising to be the medium of communication between the two lovers. This, of course, he has no intention of doing; but, with Valentine away, at once sets about his attack upon Silvia's heart. In this he is helped by the fact that the Duke enlists him in the endeavour to overcome the objections which his daughter has to Thurio, and under cover of this service he has easy access to her. She, however, is not to be detached from Valentine, nor does Proteus take much from his endeavour but reproach and disdain. In the meantime Valentine in his flight from Milan, passing through a forest on the borders of Mantua, is surprised by bandits infesting that part of the country and given the choice of instant death or of consenting to be their leader. Careless of what may

happen to him now that he has lost Silvia, Valentine falls in with their wishes. He has not been long at their head when events at Milan bring about the catastrophe of the play. For Julia, in despair at Proteus's silence and continued absence, determines to follow him in disguise to Milan. On arriving there she has the good luck to be taken, all unknown, into his service as a page, and in this capacity is employed to carry letters and messages to Silvia. The latter, pestered by the importunities alike of the foolish Thurio and the perfidious Proteus, at last loses all patience, and determines to set out under the escort of a trusted friend, Sir Eglamour, in quest of Valentine, who, she hears, is living at Mantua. She has not gone far on her way when she is made prisoner by the very brigands whose captain Valentine has become. Her flight is of course quickly discovered, and the Duke, with Thurio and Proteus, accompanied by his seeming page, start in pursuit. They, too, fall in with Valentine's bands, but while the Duke and Thurio are captured, Proteus and the disguised Julia manage to escape for the time, and in flight come upon Silvia, now in custody in another part of the forest. Proteus protests that he has come to rescue her, and hopes that she will now relent and accept his love. She repulses him with the bitterest scorn, and maddened by this he is on the point of using violence to her when Valentine suddenly appears on the scene. His renunciation of their friendship so stings the guilty man that he can but crave pardon for his double iniquity. By an accident Julia's identity is at this point revealed, and Proteus, further stung by her reproaches, returns to his first love. The Duke and Thurio are now brought in

by their captors, and a general reconciliation takes place, the Duke giving his consent to the marriage of Valentine with Silvia, and pardoning the outlaws, who, having fled from his duchy on account of various offences, had taken to their life of brigandage. The return of the whole party to Milan is a prelude to the double wedding of Valentine and Silvia on the one hand and of Proteus and Julia on the other.

Some of the Characters. The four principal characters in the play are the 'two gentlemen' themselves, Valentine and Proteus, with their two lady-loves, Silvia and Julia. Valentine is a high-spirited, honourable type of the young men of the day, impatient of 'living dully sluggardized at home,' and eager 'to see the wonders of the world abroad.' Whatever of romance there is in his nature, the romance of love does not at the outset of the play appeal to him in the least. Like Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing*, he jests at the little god and merrily banters his friend Proteus on his love for Julia, a folly, as he characterizes it, made up of 'one fading moment's mirth with twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.' But his immunity from the disease is not to be of long duration. For on repairing to Milan he speedily succumbs to the fascinations of the sprightly Silvia. His diffidence, however, is so great that had she not by a stratagem taught him how to woo, he would still have concealed his love, and even her stratagem has to be interpreted to him by his more keen-witted servant, Speed, before he can understand its not very obscure meaning. This diffidence, coupled with his extreme chivalry of nature, may perhaps in some measure explain what, as it stands, seems one great

blot upon the play. For when in the final scene Proteus asks forgiveness for his atrocious behaviour towards Silvia, Julia, and Valentine himself, the last not only readily receives him again into friendship, but, as a proof that his love is 'plain and free,' actually goes on to say, 'All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.' That Shakespeare should have credited him with such extravagant generosity is hard to believe. For, as Knight points out, it is not only 'entirely inconsistent with the ardent character of his love,' but—a greater sin against dramatic morality—'an act of injustice towards Julia, which he could not commit.' Dowden suggests, not very happily, as it seems to me, that Valentine's words may have been spoken 'to test the loyalty of his [Proteus] professedly repentant friend'; or, as an alternative, that there may be 'a gap here, originally occupied by speeches of Proteus and Silvia.' He also remarks, 'If the fifth act came from Shakspere's pen as it now stands, we must believe that he handed over his play to the actors while a portion of it still remained only a hasty sketch, the *denouement* being left for future working out.' Cowden Clarke, on the other hand, thus boldly champions the consistency of Valentine's speech: 'This line—the overstrained generosity of which startles most sedate readers—is precisely in keeping with the previous speech, and with Valentine's character. He is a man of impulse, of warm, quick feelings, full of romance and enthusiasm; he is willing to make a heroic sacrifice to show his suddenly restored faith in his repentant friend, and works himself up to the requisite pitch of superhuman courage by the emulative reference to Divine mercy;

but we see by his subsequent speech to Thurio how strongly his love for Silvia maintains itself within his bosom, though he fancies *for the moment* that he could make it ancillary to friendship.' . . . To myself any hypothesis is preferable to such an interpretation of Shakespeare's art even in its infancy. That the *Two Gentlemen* is one of the poet's earliest productions, if not, indeed, the very earliest, is, I think, shown by the alliance between Valentine and Proteus. It is, of course, frequent enough that there should be cordial friendship between two men of very diverse temperament. But that this should exist between two natures to all appearance mutually repellant is hardly conceivable. For not merely does Proteus, in contrast with Valentine, look at life from a wholly selfish point of view, but in so far as the play depicts his actions or unfolds his character, there is nothing lovable about him. The fact that he is the object of devotion to a girl pure of heart like Julia goes for little. Women, indeed, are more likely to fall in love with a bold criminal than with a mean scoundrel. Yet that one so young as Julia should be deceived by the mere outside is easily to be understood, especially as Proteus is no mean adept in the school of craft. Wherein, however, could there be to Valentine any attraction in a nature in nothing noble, in many things vile? Proteus is a puling lover who whimpers over the change that love has wrought in him, and even his advocate, the waiting-maid Lucetta, when speaking of him as the 'best' of Julia's suitors, and challenged for a reason, can only say, 'I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so'; while later on in the play she doubts the welcome which her

mistress will have if she seeks him out in Milan. When by his father's command he leaves Verona, his parting with Julia has little in it of a lover's warmth, and it is she who proffers a ring as pledge of her love, a ring which with almost incredible baseness he afterwards sends to Silvia in token of his devotion. On his very first sight of Silvia, while the words of farewell to Julia are still warm on his lips, he becomes as enamoured of her as if his heart had never known what it is to love. Such 'compunctious visitings' as come to him in regard to his 'threefold perjury' to Julia, to his friend, and to love itself are quickly laid to sleep the weakest and basest sophisms, while Valentine's confidant as he is, he readily welcomes the thought which prompts him to abuse that confidence. That by 'some sly trick' he should propose to himself to 'blunt Thurio's dark proceeding,' is but a trifle to one already false to his friend. We might, however, have expected that being successful in procuring Valentine's banishment, and having now a fair field before him, he would be content with his measure of iniquity. Not so. Without any outside prompting, in order as he pretends to further Thurio's wooing, he suggests that Valentine should be slandered to Silvia 'With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent, Three things that women highly hold in hate,' and, with affected demur, undertakes the dirty job of calumniation. Access to Silvia being thus given him, he uses every art to seduce her from her loyalty, lies to her in saying that Julia is dead, lies to her in adding that the same fate has overtaken Valentine, and is nothing deterred by her scornful and caustic exposure of his many-sided faithlessness. Finding at last that all vows and pro-

testations, all appeals to her vanity, and all endeavours to win her by gifts, are alike useless, he throws off the seeming of a gentleman, reveals his love as nothing better than the lust of a satyr, and coward like is on the point of offering violence to her person, when Valentine rushes forward and rescues her. We may perhaps charitably hope that had this scene been revised by Shakespeare, we should have had by way of confession and prayer for pardon something less utterly inadequate than the meagre words of penitence in which he ascribes to the inconstancy of human nature all the sins of which he has been guilty, and assumes that by returning to his allegiance to Julia he has proved himself deserving of full forgiveness and of being received back into her heart as though his falsity had been nothing more than a passing illusion. Between the man as he really is and the man as he is painted in Valentine's eulogy to the Duke the difference is so vast that we can only suppose his studious habits and sober manner of life to have created a belief in his superiority, and this impression coupled with Valentine's modesty, chivalrous disposition, somewhat slow perceptions, and inability to imagine the baseness of others, may account for his loyal, over-loyal, fellowship with a man false to his love, treacherous to his friend, cowardly towards women, and mean to his inferiors.

In Silvia, though we have a sketch rather than the elaborate portrait of Shakespeare's later days, we see brightness of intellect, loyalty in love, high-spirited courage, hatred of meanness, and the delicate courtesy of a well-born lady. It has been suggested that she was a bit of a coquette, or she would not have promised Proteus a

picture of herself. But surely this incident is introduced only as a pretext for bringing about the interview between herself and Julia whereby the latter is assured of the former's feelings towards Proteus, and Silvia's tenderness of nature is shown to us in a way that no other part of the play makes possible. That she should have allowed Proteus to pester her with his solicitations instead of at once sending him about his business is easily accounted for by the position in which she is placed. Deep in her father's displeasure and allowed freedom only in order that such freedom should be plagued by the courtship of a man like Thurio, whom her 'very soul abhors,' she is obliged so far to temporize by permitting Proteus's visits as to avoid being compelled without delay to marry her father's choice. Proteus's pretended advocacy of Thurio's suit is for the moment her only safety, and when her persecution becomes more than she can endure, she takes the desperate step of flight from home, flight to Valentine. Julia is a girl with perhaps more winsome graces than those bestowed upon Silvia. Her equal, or may be her superior, in fortitude, she is at the same time gentler and more forgiving. In the latter quality, indeed, she errs, if it be possible, in excess. For her pardon is granted in the full knowledge of all Proteus's infamy, even in its culminating point of violence offered to Silvia. Love that could still cling to one revealed not as guilty of daring crime, of youthful excesses, of headstrong passions, of lawless arrogance, but of consistent, unvarying, duplicity, and the worst sins against manhood,—such love could only be found in a nature almost angelic. Her own purity and her own steadfast

faith must of necessity make offences of the kind doubly odious; and except that she had once believed in Proteus as the ideal of her maiden fancy, she has nothing but pity to fall back upon when taking back to her heart that ideal so maimed and tainted. It is perhaps doubtful whether Shakespeare in his fuller knowledge would have condemned her to such an union, for even Angelo in his relations to Mariana is less despicable than Proteus. Assuredly the union could not be a happy one; unless we may assume a far deeper penitence than is indicated by the almost jaunty confession of inconstancy which is wrung from the convicted scoundrel, a far deeper penitence than anything of which his character gives promise.

The two servants, Speed and Launce, furnish what there is of comedy, or, rather, broad farce in the play, and their characters are distinct enough. The former displays himself as the town-valet, sharp and covetous, accustomed to vails, and unaccommodating unless bribed into civility. He is quick, witty, ever ready with a pun, full of rogueish schemes, unscrupulous, with a keen eye for the main chance, a wholesome fear of punishment, and a readiness for provender, as indicated in his exclamation, 'I am one that is nourished by my victuals.' The latter is a cheerful, noisy country bumpkin, blundering in his speech, blundering in his actions, faithful by instinct, and not without tenderness of heart. He takes no interest in the drama that is going on around him; his love affair is almost entirely a matter of profit and loss; the more alert-minded Speed can befool him at will; and his dullness is so dull that he can see no difference between the ugly mongrel that

follows him and the toy dog which Proteus would offer as a fitting present to the aristocratic Silvia. That we should enjoy—as we cannot help enjoying—the delineation of such characters, with their jests so often of little point, with their language rude and coarse, is a tribute to the magic of the artist who had the courage to make foolish people talk foolishly and stupidly, to talk and behave, that is, as such people naturally would do, instead of giving them the polish and neatness which they would have had at the hands of a Congreve or a Sheridan.

Of the relation of our play to those comedies, Furnivall writes: 'That the *Two Gentlemen* and its incidents were great favourites with Shakspere is evident from his use of them in after-plays. In *The Merchant* we have Portia's discussion of her lovers with Nerissa admirably developed from Julia's here with Lucetta, and also Portia's putting on man's dress and quizzing herself in it developed from Julia's here. This is repeated again in Rosalind in *As You Like It*. In *The Merchant*, too, we have Launcelot Gobbo developed from Launce, with a bit of Speed. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have Juliet going to confession like Silvia here. In *Twelfth Night* we have Viola like Julia, each as a page, carrying messages of love from the man she loves to the girl he loves, to whom she tells her own story disguised; and in each case the man whom the page-girl loves at last marries her. In *Much Ado* we have the signs of love in Benedick developed from those described by Speed here. In *All's Well* we have a parallel to the Host scene, and in *Cymbeline* we may compare Imogen with Julia. In these early plays, we

have love's power over men's oaths to one another in *Love's Labour Lost*, over men's friendship and their vows to women in the *Dream* and *The Two Gentlemen*, yet in the latter friendship overcomes love in Valentine's offer to give up Silvia to Proteus. The fickleness of love is also seen in the *Errors*, the *Dream*, and *The Two Gentlemen*, as in Romeo's change from Rosalind to Juliet.' . . .

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
HOST, where Julia lodges.
OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus :
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein,
Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success ?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought:
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.
Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.
Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then and I a sheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
Pro. A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*First nodding*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in

requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore. [*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it has some burden then?
Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:' that I'll tear away.

And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.* ANTONIO'S *house.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.' [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a

school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.
Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.
Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again; and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam, what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Verona.* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I must, where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*
Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak:
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my

mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears. 29

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose

thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 41

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee. 50

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS. [*Exit* THURIO.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. [*Exit Valentine.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if

not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go? 50

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; 20
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.

I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Verona.* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
And instances of infinite of love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

To go to see J. the sublime, the constant.
Youthful, impulsive, naïve girl

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that hither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
What's here?
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her

Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That 's monstrous : ●, that that were out !

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then ?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me ?

Launce. For thee ! ay, who art thou ? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him ?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner ? plague of your love-letters ! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter ; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets ! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.* *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus ! Is your countryman
According to our proclamation gone ?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.

But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments

P, to be a complete scoundrel, stoops to slander him, then get Thurio out of way, and Sylv. his

Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well-skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen!
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.*
Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
Sec. Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—
Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.
Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the* DUKE'S *palace, under* SILVIA'S *chamber.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ~~spaniel-like,~~ the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you 're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentlemen that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
  The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*
Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrow as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his Dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should

say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke. I goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I 'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you rascal peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I

offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here? [*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas!'

Pro. Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,

If this fond Love were not a blinded god? this seems odd
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*

Enter Outlaws *with* SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two;
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter?
Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

STAGE DIRECTION. **Proteus**, spelt *Protheus* in the first folio, the insertion of the letter *h* after *t* being frequent in the spelling of proper names in former days. As instances, Malone quotes *Anthony* for *Antony*, *Phaethon* for *Phaeton* (though the former is the correct transliteration of the Greek name), *Thelephus*, *Anthenor*, and *Athalanta*, for *Telephus*, *Antenor*, and *Atalanta*, respectively. Proteus, a marine deity of classical mythology, was endowed with the power of changing his shape at will, and his name, more especially in the adjective *Protean*, has become emblematical of anything that is of many forms, changeable, fickle. Hence Shakespeare's choice of name for his inconstant lover.

1. **to persuade**, to argue with a view to winning assent; to 'persuade' is properly to convince by argument or inducement.

2. **Home-keeping ... wits.** Steevens compares *Comus*, 748, 'It is for *homely* features to *keep home*, They had their name thence.'

4. **love**, the abstract for the concrete; the loved one, the object of your love, your mistress.

7, 8. **Than ... idleness**, than that, living the life of a sluggard at home, you should waste your youth in an idleness that has no purpose in it, no definite object.

9. **still**, ever.

10. **as I would**, as I should desire to do.

12. **haply**, by hap, accident, chance.

17. **Commend ... prayers**, make over, as it were, your trouble to the keeping of my prayers, assure yourself of protection from your danger through the efficacy of my prayers in your behalf: **commend**, Lat. *commendare*, to entrust or commit to one's charge, to place in one's hands for favourable consideration, and so ultimately to speak favourably of, to praise: **grievance**, trouble,

sorrow, as frequently in Shakespeare; not 'cause of complaint,' in the sense which the word more commonly has nowadays, though Shakespeare elsewhere has it in this sense also.

18. **beadsman**, intercessor; *bead*, M.E. *bede*, prayer. The word was transferred from 'prayer' to the small globular bodies used for 'telling beads,' *i.e.* counting prayers, from which the other senses of 'bead' naturally followed.

19. **And on ... success?** and for a prayer-book you, lover as you are, will, I suppose, use one of those love stories which now are your only study.

22. **How young ... Hellespont.** The story of Leander, the young Grecian who nightly swam the Hellespont in order to visit his mistress, Hero, and who finally was drowned on a stormy night, is told by Musaeus in a poem called Hero and Leander. Whether Shakespeare went to this source, or whether he had access to the manuscript of Marlowe's version which, though entered on the Stationers' books in 1593, was not published till 1598 (*i.e.* later than the date of this play), is disputed: **shallow**, of course figuratively in contrast with '*deep* love,' but with allusion also to the deep waters of the Hellespont: **Hellespont**, the sea of Helle, daughter of Athamas, king of Thebes, who was drowned in it, is a strait between Sestos, a city of Thrace in Europe and Abydos a city of Phrygia in Asia, the modern straits of the Dardanelles.

25. **for you ... love.** Dyce remarks, 'Mr. Collier's M.S. corrector substitutes "'Tis true; *but* you are over boots in love," etc.—The old text, if right, must be explained,—"Yes, it is certainly true; for you are not merely, as he was, over shoes in love, but even over boots in love, And yet," etc., *for you are* corresponding to the preceding *For he was.*' On the change from *thou* and *thee* to *you* in this part of the dialogue, see Abb. §231.

27. **give ... boots** is explained by Theobald as being 'a proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing stock of me; don't play upon me. The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interpets, *To give one the boots*; to sell him a bargain.' Steevens sees an allusion to the old torture of the boot in which a man's legs were forced into an iron boot and iron wedges driven into it to crush them.

28. **it boots thee not**, it does not profit you anything; *boot*, M.E. *boten*, to make better, to cure, relieve, heal, remedy; *bót*, profit, advantage. For the transitive sense here, cp. *W. T.* iii. 2. 26, *R. II.* i. 3. 174.

29, 30. **where scorn ... sighs**, a case in which the only payment for groans is the scorn of the loved one; the only response to sighs, the coy looks she vouchsafes.

31. **watchful,** lacking sleep, ii. *H. IV.* iv. 25, and so the verb, iv. 2. 141, below.

32. **a hapless gain,** a gain not worth having.

34, 35. **However ... vanquished,** in any case nothing better (if successful) than a foolish return for the expenditure of good sense, or else, (if unsuccessful) the conquest of good sense by mere folly; '*a* wit' is not elsewhere so used by Shakespeare.

36. **circumstance,** detailed argument; in the next line, the facts of the case, the issue of things.

40. **yoked ... fool,** that has a fool for his partner in drawing.

41. **Methinks,** *i.e.* to me it seems; 'thinks' being from the impersonal verb *thyncan,* to seem. On impersonal verbs generally, see Abb. § 297.

43. **canker,** a worm that preys on blossoms; frequently used by Shakespeare in a figurative sense also. 'Topsell in his "Serpents," 1608, gives a dissertation which he heads, "Of Caterpillars or Palmer-worms, called of some Cankers," and he tells us, "They gnaw off and consume by eating both leaves, boughs and flowers, yea, and some fruits also, as I have often seen in peaches"' (Staunton).

48. **blasting,** intransitive. Cp. *Lucr.* 49, 'Thy hasty spring still *blasts* and ne'er grows old.'

50. **the fair effects,** outward manifestation; cp. *M. A.* ii. 3. 112.

52. **fond,** doting; p.p. of M.E. *fonnen,* to be foolish.

53. **road,** roadstead, haven.

55. **bring,** escort, accompany.

57. **To Milan ... letters,** *i.e.* by letters sent to Milan; cp. *Tim.* iv. 3. 287, 'What wouldst thou have *to* Athens?'

58. **success,** as often in Shakespeare in a neutral sense, progress, whether good or bad.

59. **Betideth,** comes to pass as time goes on; the original sense of 'tide,' A.S. *tíd,* is 'time.'

60. **visit ... mine,** as though his letters would be a part of himself; the verb is frequentative.

64. **dignify,** lend honour to by showing himself worthy of them.

65. **leave myself,** abandon my true self.

69. **musing,** pensive reveries about love; for the gerund substantively, cp. i. *H. IV.* ii. 3. 49, 'To thick-eyed *musing* and cursed melancholy.'

70. **save you!** *i.e.* God save you, have you in his keeping! A frequent form of salutation, especially from inferiors.

71. **to embark from Milan.** 'According to Eltze, Milan and Verona were actually connected by canals in the 16th century' (Rolfe).

73. **the sheep,** *i.e.* silly animal who has gone astray from the shepherd; in some of the midland counties pronounced by the lower orders as 'ship.'

78. **horns,** an allusion to the old belief that horns sprouted from the forehead of a man whose wife had proved unfaithful to him.

82. **circumstance,** detailed proof, as above, l. 36.

94-96. **But what ... noddy.** The folios read, '*Pro.* But what said she? *Sp.* I.' The reading and stage direction in the text are as given by the Cambridge Editors. To account for the words 'you ask me if she did not,' Theobald inserted the question 'Did she nod?' after the words 'But what said she?' The 'I' of the folios is only the old way of printing 'Ay,' *i.e.* 'Yes': **that's noddy,** that makes the word 'noddy,' an old term for a simpleton, a noodle.

105. **Marry,** by Mary, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus; an old form of asseveration in which the spelling was probably modified in order to avoid the penalties of the Act against profane swearing: **orderly,** Staunton writes, 'For *orderly*, I have sometimes thought we should read, *motherly*, or, according to the ancient spelling, *moderly*. From the words *bearing*, *bear with you*, my *pains*, *a quick* wit, and *delivered*, the humour appears to consist of allusions to *child-bearing*. None of the editors have noticed this; and yet, unless such conceit be understood, there seems no significance whatever in the last few passages.' But this in no way accounts for the words 'having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains,' by which Speed justifies his assertion as to the manner in which he has done his task; 'having nothing' being equivalent to 'for I have nothing.' Proteus's answer, 'Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit' (*i.e.* assuredly you have a quick wit) shows that Speed's remark had some quip or witticism in it, and I suspect that he is here punning on '*ord*erly' and '*word*erly.' There is a further difficulty in the construction of the words 'the letter.' It is no answer to Proteus's question 'how do you bear with me?' to say 'I bore the letter very orderly.' I think therefore we should read '*to* the letter,' *i.e.* precisely, which is followed by 'very orderly' in the same sense, with a pun on 'word.' The play on words here is not unlike that of Holofernes, *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 60-62, where by the addition of the letter *l* to 'sore' (a buck of the fourth year, and 'sore' the adjective), the word is converted into 'sorel' (a buck of the third year).

107. **Beshrew,** a mild form of imprecation, like 'hang me'; the verb 'shrew,' which we have only in 'shrewd,' properly a p.p., meaning to 'curse.'

116. **ducat,** a coin in use especially in the old Italian provinces, so called from the inscription it bore, '*Sit tibi, Christe, datus quem tu regis iste Ducatus.*' '*Ducatus*' meaning a duchy, and thence a coin struck by a Duke. Halliwell quotes Roberts's *Marchants Mapp of Commerce*, 1638, to show that there were two sorts of ducats, worth respectively about three shillings and fourpence, and four shillings or four shillings and two pence.

117. **that ... mind,** who by means of the letter made her acquainted with your intentions towards her.

118. **in telling your mind,** when you come to declaring your love to her.

121-2. **To testify ... me,** in order to bear witness to your generosity, I thank you for having given me sixpence; a 'tester,' or 'testern,' was a coin of that value; so called from having the sovereign's head (O.F. *teste*, F. *tête*) on the obverse. The word has been corrupted in modern slang to 'tizzy.'

125. **I'll ... master,** with the double sense of remember you to my master by conveying your compliments, and of praise you to my master for your generosity. The phrase 'commend me to so and so' was equivalent to 'give my compliments, regards, remembrances, to so and so.'

127. **Being ... shore,** *sc.* you being destined to death by hanging; cp. *Temp.* i. 1. 30-36, 'I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage': said by the Boatswain in the storm.

129. **deign,** think worthy (of reading); Lat. *dignus*, worthy.

130. **post,** with a play on the word in the sense of letter carrier and that of blockhead.

SCENE II.

3. **so,** provided that.

4, 5. **Of all ... me,** of all the courteous wooers who daily resort hither in order to plead their suits: **resort,** usually in Shakespeare in the sense of 'visit' with the view to converse; here it means the company of gentlemen who pay the visit: **parle,** elsewhere used by Shakespeare as the military term for a conference in regard to surrender or terms of peace, and here no doubt with an allusion to this sense, she regarding herself as the fort besieged.

7. **Please you,** let it please you, etc., and I will, etc., or, if it please you, etc., I will, etc. With this passage should be compared the dialogue between Portia and Nerissa, *M. V.* i. 2., though there it is the waiting-maid who catalogues the suitors and the mistress who passes judgment upon them.

10. **neat and fine**, elegant in dress but foppish, dandified.

13. **so, so**, but indifferently.

15. **to see ... us!** to think how utterly foolish this talk of ours is!

16. **passion**, strong feeling.

17. **passing**, surpassing, extraordinary; more commonly in Shakespeare as an adverb qualifying an adjective.

19. **censure ... on**, pass an opinion on. The original sense of 'censure,' and the ordinary one in Shakespeare's day, was the neutral one of 'opinion,' 'judgment'; but as the opinion, judgment, of one man upon another man, his acts, qualities, beliefs, etc., was so often one of condemnation, the word came to have a bad sense; the same process has given its ordinary meaning to the word 'conceit,' which originally meant only that which is conceived. The verb to 'censure' is elsewhere used by Shakespeare transitively, and *a* has been conjectured for **on**; but, as the commentators have pointed out, Julia's answer makes it pretty certain that the text is sound.

27. **moved me**, tried to induce me to love him, pleaded his cause.

30. **Fire**, a dissyllable, as frequently of old: **that's ... kept**, which is concentrated, not spread over a wide space.

34. **Peruse**, read through, examine. 'A coined word; from Per- and *Use*. No other source can well be assigned; but it must be admitted to be a barbarous and ill-formed word, compounded of Latin and French, and by no means used in its true sense; since to *per-use* could only mean to use thoroughly' ... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

38. **and sent**, and it was sent.

41. **broker**, go-between, agent, but in a bad sense.

43. **To whisper ... youth?** To be a party to underhand attempts against my maidenly modesty.

44, 45. **'tis ... place**, it is a very worthy employment, and one which becomes you well; of course ironically.

49. **That ... ruminate**, *i.e.* you wish to be left alone in order that you may pleasantly meditate on this offer of love. Though not marked 'aside,' the words are to be taken as said in an undertone.

50. **o'erlooked**, run my eye over.

53, 54. **What fool ... view!** What a fool must she be who knowing me to be a girl, and therefore subject to all the caprices of a girl, would not compel me to read the letter! **What fool**, for the omission of *a*, cp. *J. C.* i. 3. 42, 'Cassius, what night is this?' and see Abb. § 86.

55, 56. **Since ... 'ay.'** 'A paraphrase of the old proverb, "Maids say *nay*, and take it"' (Steevens).

57. **wayward**, perverse; 'orig. a headless form of *aweiward*, adv. ... cp. *aweiwards*, in a direction away from .... Thus, *way-ward* is *away-ward*, *i.e.* turned away, perverse ... a parallel formation to *fro-ward*. It is now often made to mean *bent on one's own way*' ... (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

58. **testy**, querulous, fractious; O.F. *teste*, F. *tête*, head. So our 'headstrong,' 'heady,' though the latter is generally used of liquors.

62. **angerly**, on the termination *-ly*, a corruption of *like*, with nouns, see Abb. § 447.

64. **My penance**, the penance which I enjoin upon myself; an allusion to the penance enjoined by the priest in the Catholic Church upon the penitent who has made confession of his or her sin.

67. **Is 't ... dinner-time?** Not liking to avow her weakness in calling her maid back to talk about the letter, Julia pretends that she is merely anxious to know the time of day.

68. **stomach**, with a pun on the sense 'appetite' and that of 'anger,' which latter was frequent in the language of the day: **kill**, wreak, in the meaning 'anger,' satisfy, in the meaning 'appetite.'

70. **so gingerly**, so daintily, as if you feared to touch it. The expression is chiefly used with reference to walking or dancing in a mincing way, with small elegant steps. The derivation is uncertain, but probably the idea is that of touching something hot, as ginger is hot in the mouth.

77, 78. **it will ... interpreter**, it will speak truly enough to those for whom it was intended, unless, as will perhaps be the case with you, it is wilfully misunderstood.

81. **Give ... set**, tell me to what tune I should sing the words, for you are able to set words to music.

82. **As little ... possible**, taking the word **set** in a sense different from that in which Lucetta had used it, Julia says, 'I set the least possible store upon, care as little as possible for, such trivialities.'

83. **'Light o' love,'** an air popular at the time; cp. *M. A.* iii. 4. 44. A *light o' love* is a fickle woman.

85. **burden**, again a quibble, 'burden' meaning both a 'load' and the 'undersong' or refrain of a melody in music.

86. **and ... it**, and it would sound sweetly if you could be induced to sing it, *i.e.* it would be well if you could attune yourself to sing in harmony with the letter, in other words, to return love for love.

87. **I cannot ... high,** 'I cannot compass such high notes, quibbling with the sense "I am too humble to deal with such matters"' (Craig).

88. **your song,** this song that you talk so much about: **minion,** a favourite, flatterer; F. *mignon*, a minion, favourite. After this word Hanmer adds a stage direction, 'Gives her a box on the ear,' and obviously Julia makes some show of anger or impatience which is referred to in the following line.

89. **Keep ... out,** you had better keep tune if you wish to sing the song to the end, *i.e.* it is no use your being impatient if you wish to get to the bottom of the matter; **so,** provided that.

90. **And yet ... tune,** and yet I would rather that you changed your tune altogether.

93. **flat,** said of a note or of a singer of a note; relatively too low in pitch; below the regular or true pitch.

94. **descant,** 'O.F. *deschant*, from Lat. *dis-*, asunder, and *cantus*, song. A melodious accompaniment to a simple musical theme (the plain song), sung or played ... the earliest form of counterpoint' (*The New English Dict.*).

95. **mean,** in music, the tenor or counter-tenor, *i.e.* that which is intermediate between the treble and the bass notes, and so with a quibble upon the word in a sense of moderation. For similar plays upon the word, cp. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 328, *W. T.* iv. 3. 46.

96. **base,** F. *bas*, low, now spelt 'bass' after Ital. *basso*; the lowest part in harmonized musical composition; the deepest male voice, or lowest tones of a musical instrument, which sing or sound this part.

97. **I bid ... Proteus,** to 'bid base' was to challenge to a chase in the game variously called 'base,' 'prison base,' 'prisoners' base,' 'prison bars.' Under the name 'prisoners' base,' the game is still played by boys in England. Two *bases*, in a line with each other, and a certain distance apart, are held, each by one of the two sides engaged in the game. From one of these bases a boy starts to run to a point equidistant from them, and is pursued by another boy from the opposite base. If the first starter cannot reach the point and return to his own base without being caught by the starter from the opposite base, he is sent to *prison*, a space marked off for the purpose at a certain distance from the bases. It is then the object of the side to which the *prisoner* belongs to rescue him by sending out another boy, who has to reach the prisoner without being himself caught by one of the opposite side. The two sides, A and B, have each a prison; but as the prison belonging to the side A (in which those of the side B are confined) is opposite to the base of A and diagonal to the base of B, and *vice versâ*, the would-be rescuer has a greater distance to run than his pursuer, and if he is

caught in his endeavour, he too goes to prison. The game continues till all the boys on the one side or the other are caught and sent to prison. Cp. *V. A.* 303, *Cymb.* v. 3. 19.

99. **Here is ... protestation!** What a fuss you are making with all your protestations! For **coil**, trouble, bustle, confusion, cp. *M. A.* iii. 3. 100, v. 2. 98, *Haml.* iii. 1. 67.

100. **get you gone.** 'An idiom; that is to say, a peculiar form of expression, the principle of which cannot be carried out beyond the particular instance. Thus we cannot say either *Make thee gone*, or *He got him* (or *himself*) *gone*. Phraseologies, on the contrary, which are not idiomatic are paradigmatic, or may serve as models or moulds for others to any extent. All expression is divided into these two kinds'... (Craik, on *J. C.* ii. 4. 3).

102. **makes it strange**, she pretends to be astonished, shocked, at such an unusual occurrence as the receipt of a love letter; cp. *T. A.* ii. 1. 81.

104. **Nay, ... same!** Nay, there is no need of another; I should be glad enough to pretend such anger at this one if only I had it and not merely its poor fragments. Staunton remarks, 'It is surprising that no one has hitherto pointed out the inconsistency of Julia's replying to an observation evidently intended to be spoken by her attendant *aside*, or remarked the utter absence of all meaning in such reply. I have little doubt that the line above is part of Lucetta's aside speech. The expression of the wish "would *I* were so anger'd with the same!" from her is natural and consistent. In the mouth of her mistress it seems senseless and absurd.'

108. **each ... paper**, *i.e.* each of the fragments: **several**, separate.

109. **writ**, for the curtailed form of past part., see Abb. § 343.

115. **throughly**, thoroughly; conversely Shakespeare uses 'thorough' for 'through.'

116. **search**, using the metaphor of probing a wound with a probe or tent.

119. **each letter**, every single character.

120. **that ... bear**, *i.e.* let some, etc.

121. **ragged**, jagged, rough with sharp edges that will tear the letter; cp. ii. *H. IV. Ind.* 35.

126. **sith**, since; here a conjunction, as frequently; in *Haml.* ii. 2. 12 an adverb = since that time; in ii. *H. VI.* ii. 1-106 a preposition = since, after.

127. **names.** Referring to Walker's suspicion that this is a misprint for name, Dyce says, 'I believe that the plural is right —the *complaining names* are "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus"': **forlorn**, accented on the first syllable.

134. **respect them**, care anything about them.

135. **taken up**, caught up shortly, rated, scolded; cp. *Cymb.* ii. 1. 4.

136. **for ... cold**, for fear of catching cold; cp. *H. V.* i. 2. 114, 'All out of work and cold *for* action'=for want of action, and see Abb. § 154.

137. **a month's mind**, most probably, as Nares thinks, a reference to the longings of a woman in the first month of her pregnancy; the word **month's** is to be pronounced as a dissyllable, as though it were 'moneth's.'

139. **wink**, close my eyes; as frequently in Shakespeare.

SCENE III.

1. **sad**, serious, sober; cp. *M. A.* i. 1. 185, i. 3. 62.

2. **held you**, engaged your attention.

6. **of ... reputation**, who are mere nobodies in comparison with yourself.

7. **to seek ... out**, to find some way of advancement, some profitable scope for their energies.

8. **Some ... there.** 'In Shakespeare's time voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find in the journals of the travellers of that time that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families of England, went very frequently on these adventures ... To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it' (Warburton).

11. **exercises**, 'any kind of habitual practice or exertion to acquire skill, knowledge, or grace' (Schmidt), here including wars, travels, studies.

12. **meet**, suitable, well fitted; the more usual phrase would be 'such exercises are meet for your son.'

15, 16. **Which ... youth**, since it would be a slur upon his old age not to have travelled in his youth and so gained that experience and breadth of view which come only from mixing with men of various lands and observing the manners, institutions, etc., of those lands: **impeachment**, F. *empecher*, is literally *hindrance*, and in impeaching a man, in the legal sense of the word, the first step was to hinder him from escaping jurisdiction; from this sense came the meaning of 'reproach,' 'imputation'; cf. *M. V.* iii. 3. 29, 'For the commodity ... if it be denied Will much *impeach* the justice of his state.'

18. **this month**, all through the month as far as it had gone: **hammering**, thoughtfully, with much pains, considering.

24. **were I best**, should I do best to; an ungrammatical remnant of ancient usage in which the construction was '(to) me (it) were best.' See Abb. §§ 230, 352.

27. **Attends the emperor**, is, as we should say, on the staff of, or one of the retinue of, the emperor. 'Shakespeare,' says Steevens, 'has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions... Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction, by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first duke of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure... Mr. Moncton Mason adds that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter frequently resided at Milan."'

29. **'Twere good ... sent**, it would be better for you to send; but also perhaps with the implication in the past tense that it would be well if this were done already; though the phrase would be equally grammatical if the future alone were referred to.

32. **in eye**, in full view of, where he cannot help seeing; for the omission of the article, see Abb. § 89.

36. **shall make known**, *sc.* how well I like it. The construction is a slightly confused way of saying 'And the execution of your advice shall show unmistakably how well I like it.'

37. **expedition**, promptitude.

42. **to commend ... will**, to express their eagerness to serve him in any way that may please him: **commend**, offer their services in such terms as may make them most acceptable.

44. **in good time**, most opportunely; in the very nick of time; said as he sees Proteus approaching: **break with him**, enter upon the subject for the first time; so we speak of 'broaching a subject.'

47. **pawn**, pledge.

48. **applaud**, give their approval.

49. **seal**, ratify, make effectual; as the seal ratifies the contents of a document.

53. **commendations**, greetings, friendly messages.

60. **how ... wish?** how far does your inclination tally, agree, with his wish?

63. **My will ... wish**, my will, to which you profess such ready obedience, is much of the same mind as his wish; **sorted with**, made conformable to; so, intransitively, *H. V.* iv. 1. 63, 'it *sorts* well *with* your fierceness.'

64. **Muse,** wonder.

65. **and ... end,** and that's the end of the matter, the sum of the business. But grammatically **an end** is probably the adverbial phrase = continually, formed from the preposition *on* and *end*; cp. below, iv. 4. 67, 'A slave that still *an end* turns me to shame.'

69. **exhibition,** allowance of money for maintenance; cp. *Oth.* i. 3. 238, *Lear*, i. 2. 25. The term is still in use at Oxford and Cambridge for an allowance of money in reward of industry and proficiency.

71. **Excuse it not,** do not attempt to find excuses for declining to go.

77. **To hasten ... expedition,** to give fresh wings to his haste; though Schmidt takes **expedition** as = 'any enterprise implying a change of place.'

79. **me,** reflexive.

81. **take exceptions to,** make objections against.

82, 83. **And with ... love,** and in the excuse which **I offered has** found the best vantage ground for thwarting my love.

84. **resembleth,** here a quadrisyllable.

90, 91. **my heart ... 'no,'** my inclination is well enough disposed to travel if it were not that my love for Julia still more urgently bids me stay at home.

ACT II. SCENE I.

1. **your glove,** said as he hands the glove to Valentine.

2. **one** and *on* were in Shakespeare's day pronounced alike and, it is supposed, as the modern *own*.

11. **forward,** over-eager, too ready to be doing.

13. **Go to,** an expression more usually, as here, of rebuke, but sometimes of encouragement.

17. **to ... arms,** to fold your arms; an attitude of pensiveness or of earnest thought; cp. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 135, *T. A.* ii. 3. 25, and 'sorrow-*wreathen* knot,' *T. A.* iii. 2. 4.

18. **a male-content,** *i.q.* 'malcontent,' a dissatisfied person; but in Speed's mouth as though the word were made up of *male* and *content*, not of *mal* (F. ill) and *content*: **to relish ... red-breast,** to take as much pleasure in the singing of a love-song as if you were a robin red-breast; though the song of the robin being nothing more than a few chirps is little like a love-song.

19. **the pestilence,** the plague, which visited England at various dates, and to which Shakespeare makes reference in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 421, *T. N.* i. 5. 314, etc.

20. **his A B C**, his primer or *Absey-book*, as it is called in *K. J.* i. 1. 196. From the preface to 'A *facsimile* reprint of the earliest extant English Reading book,' edited by E. S. Shuckburgh from the original in the Library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, supposed to have been printed about 1538, I quote the following:—'The use of such primers was, as the name implies, educational. They were to be the first books placed in the hands of a child, and to contain all that was necessary for him to know, to enable him to understand the rudiments of the Christian Religion, and to join in the services of the Church, and even to serve at Mass, or, as it is called, "to help a Priest to sing." Beginning, therefore, with the Alphabet, it goes on to the first sentence pronounced by the Priest, in Latin and English; then to Pater Noster, also in Latin and English, and the Hail Mary, also in both languages, and concludes with certain prayers and graces to be used before and after meals.'

22. **takes diet**, is by the doctor limited to certain food for recovery from illness.

23. **puling**, in a whining tone; cp. *R. J.* iii. 5. 185: **like ... Hallowmas.** 'Hallowmas is a name for the feast of All-Hallows, or All Saints, the 1st of November; All Souls being the 2nd; at which period it was a custom in the olden time for beggars to go about from house to house collecting alms, in return for which bounty they undertook to pray for the souls of the donors' departed friends' (Clarke).

25. **one of the lions.** From the form of the phrase it is supposed there is an allusion here to the particular lions kept at the time, and for many years before and after, in the Tower of London. Such an allusion is probably to be found, as Wright points out, in *J. C.* i. 3. 75, 'roars as doth the lion in the Capitol.' Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, v. 6, also refers to these lions.

ib. **presently after**, only immediately after; this, the more accurate one, being the sense of **presently** in the large majority of passages in Shakespeare, though the modern sense of 'shortly,' 'soon,' is also found in him.

27. **with**, by means of; cp. *W. T.* v. 2. 68, 'He was torn to pieces *with* a bear.'

30, 31. **without ... Without.** Speed uses the word for 'outside'; Valentine for 'in my absence.'

32, 33. **without ... simple**, unless you were so foolish, none would perceive them; for, as he goes on to say, the follies shine out in such a way that no one can fail to observe them. Johnson explains, 'None else would be so simple'; but Valentine's not being so simple would not make others more or less so.

38. **She**, for 'her.' See Abb. § 211.

43. **hard-favoured,** sour looking.

44. **Not so ... favoured.** This is explained by Valentine himself in the words 'I mean ... infinite; in **fair** the reference is rather to colouring, in **favour** to looks generally. Bacon, **Essays,** *Of Truth*, writes, 'In beauty that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour.' We still use the expressions 'well' or 'ill-favoured,' though we have lost the substantive as referring to personal appearance.

47. **That she ... favoured,** that she finds favour in your eyes beyond what her beauty claims.

50, 51. **out ... count,** really 'beyond all reckoning,' though Speed turns the expression off to mean that 'no one thinks anything of her beauty.'

55. **How ... beauty.** You say nobody thinks anything of her beauty: you must then count me as nobody, for I think highly, make great count, of her beauty.

65. **for going ungartered,** *i.e.* affecting a carelessness as to dress which was supposed to be among the signs of being in love; cp. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 397-400, where Rosalind tells Orlando that as marks of his love 'your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned,' etc.

68, 69. **for he ... hose.** If the text is sound, the words 'and you ... hose' can only mean 'to put your hose on *properly*,' indicating that they are awry in some way. The Cambridge Editors say that the passage is corrupt, and among other conjectures suggest 'to put on your shoes,' pointing out that the same misprint of 'hose' for 'shoes' occurs in the first edition of Green's *Groatsworth of Wit*. Daniel conjectures 'to *button* your *shoes*,' which seems to me a more likely reading.

72-74. **I thank ... yours,** I may thank you for the beating you gave me on account of my being in love with my bed, for that emboldens me to chide you for being in love with Madame Silvia.

75. **I stand ... her,** my love is placed upon her. Probably an echo of the stilted language of Euphuism (the style brought into vogue by Lilly's romance called 'Euphues,' and by his plays) which Shakespeare imitates in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and parodies in i. *H. IV.* ii. 4. 439-443.

76. **set,** used by Shakespeare for 'seated.' Malone thinks there is an allusion to the setting of the sun, but this seems unnecessary as Speed goes on to say that his master's love would, if he were seated, come to an end: **so,** provided that.

82. **lamely writ,** in halting metre; cp. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 178, *Per.* iv. *Prol.* 48.

85, 86. **O excellent ... her,** a 'motion' was a puppet-show, and also the puppet itself (Lat. *pupa*, a doll), and Speed puns on the word in its ordinary sense in regard to Silvia's lady-like or mincing walk. The puppet show was accompanied by an interpreter who explained the meaning of the movements and gestures of the puppets. Cp. *Haml.* iii. 2. 256, 257, 'I would *interpret* between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.'

87. **good-morrows,** 'morrow,' A.S. *morwe*, means morning.

88. **give ... even,** let me wish you good even. This salutation, which was used by our ancestors as soon as noon was past, is found in various forms, *e.g.* 'God dig-you-den,' 'God gi' god-den,' 'God ye god-den': **here's ... manners,** *i.e.* with the addition of my salutation we have a million of compliments, well-mannered greetings.

90. **servant,** a term in common use with the special sense of lover, one who in his address to his mistress vowed himself her 'servant' (probably from the Ital. *cavalier servente* used in a similar sense); and also in the wider sense of one prepared to render all courteous and knightly service to the lady of their admiration, in which sense, as Knight points out, Valentine presents Proteus to Silvia, while himself betrothed to her, in the words 'sweet lady entertain him to be my fellow-*servant* to your ladyship,' to which she replies, '*Servant*, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.'

97. **clerkly,** like a scholar, as Valentine's answer understands the word, though, as Silvia has only glanced at it, she probably refers to the good penmanship, bad writing being much affected at the time by men of rank, as we see in *Haml.* v. 231-35. For 'clerk,' in the sense of scholar, cp. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 93, *Per.* v. *Prol.* 5, and for 'clerkly,' in the same sense, ii. *H. VI.* iii. 1. 179.

102. **so ... you,** provided my doing so may be of any use to you; cp. *M. V.* i. 3. 7.

103. **Please you,** if you so please.

105. **A pretty period!** that's a nice pause to make (as showing that there were limits to his service)!

106. **And yet.** Silvia sarcastically echoes his 'yet.'

109. **And ... will,** *i.e.* in spite of your protestations you *will* trouble him yet.

111. **quaintly,** cleverly, skilfully; 'quaint,' O.F. *coint*, quaint, neat, trim, which again is, according to Skeat, from Lat. *cognitus*, known, famous, though confused with the Lat. *comptus*, neat. The modern meaning is more nearly 'oddly,' though generally in a commendatory sense.

113. **Nay, take them,** said in rebuke of his evident unwillingness to receive them.

117. **more movingly,** in more touching terms.

120. **so ... so**, well and good in either case.

122. **for**, in requital of.

124, 125. **O jest, ... steeple!** *i.e.* so plain that no one but a blind man could help seeing it.

130. **what ... yourself?** Why are you talking with yourself? for to 'reason' = to talk, cp. *M. V.* ii. 8. 27, *K. J.* iv. 3. 29; **what** = for what, or why; or the sentence may be taken as a combination of 'for what are you,' etc., and 'what is the matter about which you are,' etc., much as in *M. A.* i. 3. 318, 'What need the bridge much broader than the flood?' is a combination of 'why need the bridge be broader?' and 'what need is there that the bridge be broader?'

135. **by a figure**, figuratively, by means of a parable. Then, playing upon the contrast of figures and letters, he goes on 'By a letter.'

142. **No ... indeed**, certainly there is no believing what you say.

142, 143. **But ... earnest?** But, if you did not perceive the jest, did you not perceive what she meant in earnest? There is also a play upon 'earnest' in the sense of 'pledge,' a word of different origin.

147. **an end**, see note on i. 3. 65, above.

148. **I would ... worse**, I wish I could believe that her anger meant nothing worse than what you say.

152. **discover**, reveal.

153. **her love himself**, her love personified in you.

154. **in print**, literally, exactly. Steevens quotes *All Fooles*, 1605, 'not a hair About his bulk, but it stands *in print*'; and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 'he must speak *in print*, walk *in print*, eat and drink *in print*, and that which is all in all, he must be mad *in print*.'

156. **I have dined**, I have no need of food (*sc.* having feasted on the looks of my mistress).

157, 158. **though ... air.** Staunton compares, for the old idea that chameleons fed upon air, *The World in the Moon*, 1697, 'O Palmerin, Palmerin, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy table of love! Canst feed upon a thought! live upon hopes! feast upon a look! fatten upon a smile! and surfeit and die upon a kiss! What a Cameleon lover is a Platonick!' Cp. also *Haml.* iii. 2. 98, 'Excellent, i' faith; of the *chameleon's* dish: I eat the air promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.'

159. **fain**, gladly; O.E. *fagan, fagn*, to rejoice; both adj. and adv.

160. **be moved**, 'Have compassion on me, though your mistress has none on you' (Malone); but with allusion to the literal sense of leaving the palace to go home to dinner.

SCENE II.

4. **If ... not,** *i.e.* if you are constant in your love.

7. **And seal,** and we will seal, or, let us seal. '"This," Douce remarks, "was the mode of plighting troth between lovers in private. It was sometimes done in the church with great solemnity; and the service on this occasion is preserved in some of the old rituals." The latter ceremony is described by the priest in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 159-162, "A contract of eternal bond of love, Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Strengthen'd by rite and changement of your rings"' (Staunton).

8. **for,** in pledge of, as a token of.

12. **Torment,** *i.e.* let some foul mischance torment.

13. **stays,** awaits.

18. **better ... words,** has deeds which are better than words; a slight confusion by which words are included among deeds. A similar confusion with superlatives is frequent, *e.g. M. N. D.* v. 1. 252. So in Milton's well-known lines, *P. L.*, iv. 323, 4, 'Adam the goodliest man of men since born, His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.'

SCENE III.

1. **'twill ... hour,** it will be a full hour at least.

2. **kind,** stock, family.

3. **proportion,** Launce's blunder for 'portion,' as 'prodigious' for 'prodigal,' 'Imperial's' for 'Emperor's.' The story of the Prodigal Son is told in Luke, xv. 12-32.

7. **our cat, ... hands,** ludicrously ascribing to the cat an expression of grief not uncommon with women.

9. **a very ... stone,** Launce thinks to intensify the word 'stone' by prefixing 'pebble' to it.

10. **than a dog,** humourously comparing a dog to a dog, that animal being so often and so mistakenly spoken of as something without feeling and worthless.

16. **sole,** with a pun on 'soul.'

17. **a vengeance on't!** Launce is becoming confused in this personification of things, a confusion which reaches its climax in the words, 'no, the dog ... myself.'

21. **ay, so, so,** ay, that's it, I have got it right at last.

22. **now ... shoe,** now, if this shoe is my father, it ought not be able to speak a word on account of its weeping.

25. **a wood woman,** a woman beside herself from grief; **wood,** an old word for 'wild,' 'frantic'; cp. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 192, 'And here am I, and *wood* within this wood'; Theobald's correction of the folio reading 'would.' Others prefer to read, with Pope, 'an *ould* woman.'

26. **up and down,** exactly, to the life; cp. *M. A.* ii. 1. 124, 'Here's his dry hand *up and down.*'

31. **to post ... oars,** to hasten to join him by taking boat to reach the ship now in the haven and ready to sail.

34. **tied.** Of this pun the commentators quote several instances from writers before Shakespeare's time, and possibly it may be borrowed here.

41, 42. **Why dost ... tongue.** Here Launce must be supposed to put his hand over Panthino's mouth.

51. **what thou darest,** any opprobrious name you dare.

SCENE IV.

1. **Servant,** see note on ii. 1. 90.

7. **knocked,** struck.

12. **counterfeits,** shams, impostors.

13. **So do you,** *sc.* for you are a counterfeit.

18. **And how ... folly?** and wherein do you observe my folly? for **quote**=note, perceive, cp. *R. J.* i. 4. 31, 'What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?' here used for the sake of the pun on 'coat.'

19. **jerkin,** short coat; a diminutive from Du. *jurk,* a coat.

20. **doublet,** an inner garment, a 'double' to the outer one, but used also for a coat generally. Valentine is criticizing the fashion of Thurio's dress.

23. **change colour,** grow red with anger.

24. **chameleon,** whose skin takes its colour from its surroundings, that is, in reality in the sheen of its coat reflects the colour of whatever is nearest to it.

25. **hath more mind,** is more inclined.

27. **You ... sir,** you have spoken your mind, delivered a sentiment; with sarcasm as to the value of that sentiment.

29. **you always ... begin,** *i.e.* you are all words without deeds.

30. **volley,** lit. a flight of shot; F. *volée,* a flight, Lat. *volare,* to fly.

32. **we ... giver,** possibly a parody of the words, 'pray for the founder,' an admonition addressed to those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

34. **gave the fire,** encouraged him to be so courageous in the discharge of his witticisms. To 'give fire' is used of a weapon when fired off.

34-36. **Sir Thurio ... company,** it is to your beauty that he owes his wit (*i.e.* it is your beauty which kindles wit in him) and he generously makes return to you by exhibiting it in your presence; but in **kindly** there is probably a pun upon the sense 'After his kind,' according to his nature,' as in *Lear*, i. 5. 15, 'My other daughter will use thee *kindly*.

45. **you ... beset,** *sc.* by two lovers at the same time, like a fortress attacked on both sides.

47. **What say you to ...?** How should you like to receive ...? How should you feel if you knew that you might expect ...?

48. **will.** We should now say 'shall'; but **will** denotes desire, wish, not merely inevitable futurity.

49. **happy messenger,** messenger of happiness, good news.

50. **Don.** The commentators point out that in strictness this title should be applied to a Spaniard only, not to an Italian, though we have already had '*Don* Alphonso,' and the mistake was clearly the poet's.

52. **To be ... estimation,** to be a man of worth and of good name.

56. **regard,** affection.

59. **conversed,** held close intercourse; the modern 'conversation' limits the sense to intercourse by speech, but the word originally had the wider sense of general association. Cp. above, i. 3. 31. *M. V.* i. 2. 78.

61, 62. **Omitting ... perfection,** not availing myself of the good gifts of time in order to render myself in old age a model of what a man should be; possibly with reference to mankind having been created to be 'a little lower than the angels.'

69. **feature,** used by Shakespeare for the person in general (and especially of dignified appearance, *e.g. R. II.* i. 1. 19, *Cymb.* v. 5. 16, as *featureless* in *Sonn.* xi. 10, for 'ugly'), and rarely if ever, in the restricted modern sense of the particular parts of the face.

71. **if ... good,** if he gives proof that he is all you say of him.

74. **is come,** the difference between this and '*has* come' is that *is* expresses the present state, *has* the activity necessary to cause the present state; see Abb. § 295.

78. **Should ... he,** if there is anything I should have wished for, it would have been for his coming.

81. **cite him to it,** urge him, call upon him, to welcome Proteus.

84. **Had come**, would have come.

85. **crystal**, clear and bright as crystal.

86, 87. **Belike ... fealty**, then we may perhaps assume that she no longer holds those eyes fast in her looks, but has set them free on his having given some other pledge of his loyalty to her: **upon**, as a result of, in consequence of, some other pawn being given: **fealty**, Lat. *fidelitas*, faithfulness.

94. **homely**, common looking: **wink**, see note on i. 2. 139, above.

100. **entertain**, receive into your service.

104. **To have ... of**, to be so much as looked at.

108. **did ... meed**, was allowed to go without its reward: **his** = its.

110. **die on him**, die fighting with him, fight to the death with him.

116. **we look ... you**, we shall expect to know that you have settled your affairs by your presenting yourself before us again.

119. **have ... commended**, have sent you many remembrances: **them**, reflexively.

126. **imperious**, despotic, all-commanding. Johnson would alter **Whose** to *Those*, and Dyce adopts the change. The meaning would then be 'those masterful thoughts in which I contemned love.' Staunton, on the other hand, thinks that **thoughts** may be a misprint, since Shakespeare never uses the word to express behests, dictates, commands, etc.

131. **made ... sorrow**, compelled me to lie awake at nights brooding over love.

134. **to ... to**, in comparison with: **his correction**, the punishment which he inflicts.

136. **Now no discourse**, *sc.* is pleasing to me.

138. **naked**, mere, single.

142. **paragon**, 'a model of excellence: F. *paragon* ... Sp. *paragon*, a model ... from Span. *para con*, in comparison with; in such phrases as *para con migo*, in comparison with me, *para con el*, in comparison with him: from Span. *para*, for, to, towards, which is itself a compound prep., answering to O. Span. *pora*, from Lat. *pro*, *ad*; and *con*, with, from Lat. *cum*, with. Thus it is really equivalent to the *three* Lat. prepositions, *pro*, *ad*, *cum* (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

144. **flatter me**, if you will not flatter her, flatter me for having such an incomparable creature for my mistress.

145. **you ... pills**, *sc.* by jeering at me for my folly.

147. **by her**, of, in regard to, her.

148. **Yet ... principality.** Staunton quotes Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, 'The first he calleth Seraphim, the second, Cherubim, the third thrones, the fourth denominations, the fifth, virtues, the sixth, powers, the seventh, *principalities*, the eighth, archangels, the ninth and inferior sort, he calleth angels.' Steevens further cites St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*, vii. 38, 'nor angels nor *principalities*.' So Milton, *P. L.* 'Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.' If not divine, Silvia, may be regarded as something celestial.

150. 151. **except ... love**, do not make any exceptions unless you intend to find some flaw in the object of my love: **love**, here the abstract for the concrete: for the intransitive use of **except**, cp. *T. N.* i. 3. 7, 'Let her *except* before excepted,' where, as possibly here, there is an allusion to the legal phrase *exceptis excipiendis*, those being excepted that ought to be excepted: on *except*, as a preposition, see Abb. § 118.

152, 153. **prefer ... prefer**, in the former line to consider more worthy'; in the latter to 'advance to honour.'

158. **to root**, to give root to, to allow to grow: **summer-swelling**, which buds and blossoms in summer.

160. **braggardism**, bombastic language, language such as only a braggart might be expected to use.

161. **can**, am able to do.

162. **other worthies**, other creatures deserving praise.

163. **alone**, unique. In this sense the old dramatists were very fond of the phrase *per se*, or *A per se*, *E per se*, etc.: **let her alone**, have nothing to do with her.

166. **pearl**, in the concrete; cp. *Macb.* v. 8. 56, 'I see thee compass'd in thy kingdom's *pearl*,' *i.e.* the noblest of the land.

167. **nectar**, the drink of the Olympian gods.

168. **do not ... thee**, allow my thoughts to be wholly taken up with you; to 'dream' and 'dote' were often used together in the sense of dwelling with fond affection upon anything.

171. **for**, because.

172. **must after**, for the ellipsis of the verb, see Abb. § 405.

177. **Determined of**, is settled, we have arranged regarding.

178. **made**, being made.

182. **I shall ... forth**, I will seek you out presently; cp. *M. V.* i. 1. 143, 'To find the other *forth*.'

189, 190. **Even ... another.** Cp. *J. C.* iii. i. 171, 'As fire drives out fire, so pity pity'; *Cor.* iv. 7. 54, 'One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail.'

191. **by**, in consequence of; see Abb. § 146.

192. **Is it ... praise.** Many conjectures have been made in order to cure the halting metre here. The best seem to be 'Is it mine eye or Valentinus' praise' (Dyce), and 'Is it her mien or Valentinus' praise' (Blakeway).

193. **true,** absolute; but here employed for the sake of the antithesis with **false.**

194. **me reasonless,** who have no good reason to do so.

196. **That ... love.** He corrects himself.

197. **which,** and it: **'gainst,** when placed in front of.

203. **with more advice,** on further knowledge, when I know her more fully; cp. *H. V.* ii. 2. 43, 'And on his *more advice* we pardon him.'

204. **without advice,** so inadvisably, so contrary to the dictates of prudence, good faith to Valentine, and loyalty to Julia.

205. **her picture,** her outward self. Steevens compares *Cymb.* i. 6. 15, 'All of her that is *out of door* most rich!' and *W. T.* ii. 1. 69, 'Praise her but for this her *without-door* form.'

206. **dazzled,** here a trisyllable.

207. **perfections,** the qualities of mind, character, etc., which combine to make up her full attractions; a quadrisyllable; for the plural cp. *T. N.* i. 1. 39, 'Her sweet *perfections.*'

210. **compass,** win her for myself; Sp. *compasar,* to measure with a compass; thence figuratively to catch, attain to, get at, win.

SCENE V.

1. **Padua.** For this Dyce and other editors substitute 'Milan.' But in iii. 1. 81, v. 4. 129, we have by a similar mistake 'Verona' for 'Milan,' and such mistake is not likely to be due to the printer. The Cambridge Editors remark, 'These inaccuracies are interesting as showing that Shakespeare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid.'

5. **some certain shot,** some tavern-reckoning that we well know of; **shot,** the same as *scot,* a contribution, that which is 'shot' into the general fund; cp. i. *H. IV.* v. 3. 30, *Cymb.* v. 4. 158.

6. **madcap,** mad fellow, wag; cp. 'flat-cap,' 'huff-cap,' 'ass-head,' 'block-head,' 'jolt-head.'

8. **sirrah,** used generally in addressing inferiors, or between equals of low degree, and implying disrespect when used to persons of note, or at least an unbecoming familiarity; sometimes applied even to women, as in *A. C.* v. 2. 229, '*sirrah* Iras, go.'

10, 11. **after they ... jest.** Launce quibbles upon **closed** = came to an agreement, and **closed** met in combat. In the former sense the verb is more frequently followed by 'with' and a substantive, *e.g. W. T.* iv. 4. 830, *J. C.* iii. 1. 202; for the latter cp. ii. *H. IV.* ii. 1. 20. It is to the latter sense that the words 'they parted ... jest' refer, **very fairly** meaning on good terms, as good friends after combat.

12. **shall she,** is it settled, destined, that she is to, etc. See Abb. § 315.

16. **are they broken?** have they parted in ill will? is the agreement broken off?

17. **whole ... fish,** entirely of one mind. The idea is that of a creature not made up of several parts or members.

19. **when ... him,** when things are well with him.

22. **block,** blockhead, senseless creature.

29. **will ... match?** will matters end in a marriage? The original sense of 'match' was 'companion,' 'mate,' hence an 'equal,' and from the verb 'match,' to 'consider equal,' came the senses of 'contest,' 'game,' 'marriage.'

34. **but ... parable,** in a direct way. A 'parable' illustrates but does not directly enunciate a truth; **parable,** lit. comparison, Gr. *παραβολή*, hence allegory deduced from circumstances.

35. **'Tis ... so,** I am fortunate in getting at the truth even in an indirect way.

39. **lubber,** clumsy fellow; a word of Celtic origin; cp. Welsh *llob*, a dolt, blockhead. Launce pretends to have misheard the word 'lover' (l. 36).

40, 41. **thou ... master.** By 'thou mistakest me' Speed means you misunderstood me, I said 'lover' not 'lubber,' to which Launce, again purposely misunderstanding, says, 'When I said lubber, I did not mean you but your master.'

45. **an ... Jew,** *i.e.* anything vile, a mere infidel; just as Pistol uses 'Turk' in 'base Phrygian *Turk*,' *M. W.* i. 3. 97.

40. **to the ale,** to the alehouse and so necessarily to the ale. It has been supposed, though perhaps without reason, that allusion is here made to one of those periodical festivities common at the time, such as church-ales, bride-ales, Whitsun-ales, in which there was much drinking of ale.

Scene VI.

1. **To leave,** in leaving, by leaving; for the infinitive used indefinitely, see Abb. § 356.

4. **which ... oath,** which first prompted me to bind myself by oath.

7. **sweet suggesting**, that so sweetly tempts me; 'suggest'= tempt is frequent in the old dramatists.

11. **unneedful ... broken**, vows carelessly made may be revoked upon fuller reflection.

12. **wants**, lacks, is without.

13. **learn**, teach.

15. **preferr'd**, advanced to honour, exalted.

17. **leave**, cease.

20. **must lose myself**, must forgo all that makes life worth living.

24. **For love ... itself**, for love is ever most precious when, as it were, it is part and parcel with the lover himself. Proteus in his special pleading is giving a reason for loving himself better than a friend.

26. **Ethiope**, blackamoor, the Ethiopians being a dark-skinned race; cp. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 118.

35. **competitor**, confederate, as frequently in Shakespeare; though, as Clarke points out, Proteus while conscious that he is admitted to his friend's counsel as an *auxiliary*, gives him counsel knowing himself to be his *rival*.

36. **presently**, at once, without delay.

37. **pretended**, intended, designed; in this sense both the verb and the substantive 'pretence' are frequent in Shakespeare and the dramatists generally.

39. **For Thurio ... daughter**, *sc.* and therefore he will be all the more willing to get rid of Valentine by banishing him.

40. **cross**, thwart, hinder.

41. **blunt**, the opposite of 'keen-witted.'

42. **lend ... swift**, teach me the way to swiftly carry out my purpose; swift-winged as you are, impart to me something of your nature.

43. **drift**, intention, scheme, that at which he is driving; cp. iii. 1. 18.

SCENE VII.

1. **Counsel**, advise: **conjure**, earnestly entreat you; here with the accent on the final syllable.

2. **even ... love**, out of the very kindness of your love.

3. **table**, tablet; an allusion to the tablets, generally of ivory, which it was a common custom to carry for the jotting down of memoranda.

4. **character'd**, written; accented on the second syllable.

5. **lesson,** school, instruct: **mean,** Shakespeare uses the singular and the plural indifferently.

10. **measure,** travel over; cp. *Temp.* ii. 1. 259.

14. **Better forbear,** you will do more wisely to remain where you are: **make return,** merely a periphrasis for 'return.'

18. **inly,** inward. Halliwell, quoted by Staunton, compares *The Tragedie of Hoffman,* 1631, 'Trust me, Lorrique, besides the *inlie* grief That swallows my content.'

22. **But qualify,** but to moderate; **fire,** a dissyllable: **extreme,** accented on the first syllable.

28. **enamell'd,** burnished smooth and bright by its action; 'enamel,' an opaque composition of the nature of glass, applied by fusion to metallic surfaces, either to ornament them in various colours or to form a surface for encaustic painting.

32. **the wild ocean,** though the only result is that it is swallowed up in the raging sea, whereas she hopes to find rest such as a soul, etc.

38. **Elysium,** the fabled abode of bliss in classical mythology for departed souls, in later times called the Islands of the Blest.

39. **habit,** dress.

40. **weeds,** garments; A.S. *wæd,* dress.

41. **well-reputed page,** some soberly behaved page who is not desirous of attracting notice by the gaudiness of his clothes; pages at the time attended both men and women; Low Lat. *pagius,* a servant, probably connected with *pagus,* a village.

43. **in silken strings,** so as to prevent its length being seen and the sex of the wearer thus discovered.

44. **odd-conceited,** quaintly-devised; *a* 'conceit' is something fancifully conceived, whether as a thought, a device, etc.; **true-love knots,** knots of ribbon fancifully tied and worn in the hair or on the dress as emblems of the closeness of the ties between lovers.

45. **fantastic,** fanciful, foppish; 'fancy' being merely an abbreviated form of 'fantasy.'

46. **Of greater ... be,** of greater age than my appearance will make me out to be.

48. **That ... well,** you might as well ask a lord, etc.

49. **What compass,** of what size in circumference; **farthingale,** O. F. *verdugale,* a corruption of Sp. *verdugado,* from *verdugo,* a rod, stick. A framework of hoops worked into some kind of cloth, formerly used for extending the skirts of women's dresses; a hooped petticoat.

52. **mannerly,** decent, respectable.

53. **repute**, think and speak of me.

54. **unstaid**, giddy-headed, wild, cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 18.

55. **make me scandalized**, cause me to be spoken lightly of; a 'scandal' is literally a stumbling block, something at which one trips, and so anything at which one is offended.

58. **Then never ... infamy**, then do not worry yourself by imagining what ill things may be said about you.

61. **withal**, with your going.

64. **instances**, proofs, evidences: **of infinite of love.** Elsewhere, when using 'infinite' as a substantive, Shakespeare prefixes the article, as in *M. A.* ii. 3. 106, or a pronoun, as in *T. C.* ii. 2. 29. As a substantive = an infinity, Malone quotes the Memoirs of Lord Lonsdale, 1688, '*Infinites* of men prest for the shippes,' etc. But this proves nothing; we say 'numbers,' or 'multitudes,' of men do so and so; but this would not justify 'number' or 'multitude' of men, etc. Staunton further quotes Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1567, 'an *infinite* of kisses.' But the difficulty is not in *infinite* being used as a substantive, but in the absence of the article, definite or indefinite. The later folios give '*as* infinite'; Malone edited '*of the* infinite.'

65. **Warrant me welcome**, are assurances of my being welcome.

66. **All these**, *sc.* oaths, tears, and other demonstrations of love.

68. **But ... birth.** Belief in astrology was still strong in Shakespeare's day, and his works abound in terms taken from that so-called science.

69. **are oracles**, as thoroughly to be believed as messages from the gods.

74. **as thou ... me**, I beseech you by the love you bear me.

74, 75. **that ... bear**, such a wrong as to cherish, etc.

79. **my longing journey**, my journey which will be one continuous longing for Proteus: **longing** is not here the gerundial substantive, but the present participle in its ordinary sense.

80. **dispose**, disposal, to do what you like with.

83. **to it**, set about the matter.

84. **my tarriance**, the delay which hinders me.

ACT III. SCENE I.

1. **give us leave**, be good enough to leave us alone for a while; cf. *K. J.* i. 1. 230.

3. **what's ... me**, what do you desire of me? what is your business with me?

4. **would**, wish to.

12. **made privy to**, made his confidant in, etc., been allowed to share a knowledge of, etc.

18. **intended drift**, purpose that he has set before himself.

21. **Being unprevented**, if not forestalled: **timeless**, untimely, before your time.

23. **command me**, ask anything of me that you desire; I shall always be at your command.

28. **jealous aim**, suspicious guess; cp. *Oth.* i. 3. 6, 'in these cases where the *aim* reports.'

34. **suggested**, tempted; as above, ii. 6. 7.

35. **upper tower**, tower at the top of my palace.

36. **myself.** Here *my* was originally an inflected case of the pronoun = for me, but very early 'the notion became prevalent that the inflected pronoun was a pronominal adjective and that *self* was a noun.' Hence the omission of the personal pronoun. For a full history of the use of *self*, see Abb. § 20.

45. **aimed at**, guessed at; as 'aim,' l. 28 above.

47. **pretence**, intention, design; cp. 'pretended,' ii. 6. 37, above.

52. **Please ... grace**, if it please your grace; a courteous form of address, like our 'by your leave.'

57. **happy being**, the pleasure I find in staying at your court.

59. **I am ... thee**, I have to enter upon, open to you, a subject; cp. *K. J.* iv. 2. 227, i *H. IV.* iii. 1. 144, and without the preposition and object, i. 3. 44, above. Also see Abb. § 403.

60. **touch me near**, concern me vitally.

64. **were**, would be.

66. **Beseeming**, becoming, suitable to.

67. **fancy**, love; in which sense both verb and substantive are frequent in Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

68. **peevish**, wayward, capricious: **froward**, refractory, obstinate; from *fro* and *ward*; disposed to go counter to what is reasonable; cp. 'toward' in the opposite sense.

70. **Neither ... child**, neither showing that love which a child should have towards its parents.

71. **As if I were**, 'as she ought to do considering I am' (Craig); not implying any doubt as to his being her father, which in another context the words might mean.

73. **upon advice**, on consideration, reflection; as above, ii. 4. 205.

74-76. **where ... wife**, whereas I once hoped that my few remaining years would have been cared for by filial duty, now,

finding that I cannot expect such devotion, I have determined to supply a daughter's place by marrying a second time; **where**, whereas, as frequently in the language of the day.

79. **she ... not**, *sc.* and therefore she shall have neither love nor wealth from me.

What ... this? What part do you wish me to play in aid of your determination regarding her?

81. **Verona.** See note on ii. 5. 1, above.

82. **affect**, love, have affection for; cp. *M. A.* i. 1. 298, 'Dost thou *affect* her, Claudio?' **nice**, much the same as **coy**, prudish, hard to win, fastidious.

84. **to**, for; see Abb. § 189.

85. **agone**, past part. of the vb. *ago*, to go forth, proceed, now shortened to 'ago.'

87. **How ... myself**, dependent upon 'would ... tutor,' ll. 85, 86, being parenthetical: **I may ... myself**, I should behave myself, fashion my behaviour in paying court to her.

88. **To be ... eye**, so as to find favour in her eyes.

90. **kind**, nature, way. Malone quotes Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, ii., ''Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails, when deep persuasive oratory fails.'

95. **For scorn ... more**, for if she begins by scorning you, she will by a natural reaction end in loving you all the more dearly.

98. **to ... gone**, to get rid of you, to be rid of you.

99. **mad**, wild with disappointment.

103. **black**, ugly, dark even to ugliness; cp. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 98.

108. **severely**, strictly; **from ... men**, from the companionship of men; so that men cannot resort to her; cp. above, i. 2. 4.

111. **be**, see Abb. § 300.

113. **lets**, hinders; from A.S. *lettan*, to hinder; 'let'=allow, from A. S. *lætan*, to allow.

115. **shelving**, sloping.

116. **apparent**, manifest.

117. **quaintly**, see note on ii. 1. 111, above.

118. **anchoring**, holding fast, as an anchor holds fast to the bottom.

119. **another Hero's**, one as difficult of access as was Hero to Leander.

120. **So bold ... it**, provided a man were as bold as Leander to run the necessary risk.

121. **as ... blood**, by your faith as a well-born gentleman.

125. **come by**, acquire, reach to.

130. **of any length**, fairly long.

131. **serve the turn**, answer the purpose.

133. **get me**, get for myself; see Abb. § 220: **off ... length**, about the same length.

135. **How ... cloak?** how shall I accommodate myself to wear, after what fashion shall I wear, the cloak? **me**, reflexive.

136. **let me ... me**, let me put on your cloak and see how it feels.

137. **this same**, an expression almost always used with a contemptuous note.

138. **engine**, contrivance, instrument.

139. **for once**, *sc.* to break open another's letter would in ordinary cases be a breach of honour and good manners, but in the circumstances the duke considers it allowable.

140. **harbour**, dwell.

143. **where ... lying**, *sc.* in her 'pure bosom.' Malone points out that 'women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work.' Rolfe compares *Haml.* ii. 2. 113, 'In her excellent white bosom, these,' etc.

144. **herald thoughts**, thoughts which are sent before me to prepare my approach in person to you, as heralds proclaim the coming of a king or some great person; **them**, reflexively.

145. **that ... importune**, that send them thither with urgent solicitation; **importune**, Lat. *importunus*, unfit, unsuitable, to be troublesome, persistent; cp. above, i. 3. 13.

146, 147. **Do curse ... fortune**, curse the kindness which has shown them such gracious favour because I myself am not a sharer in this happiness.

148. **for ... me**, because they are, etc., *i.e.* for having sent them where I, their lord, would so gladly be.

151. **enfranchise**, set free, from the room in which she is confined; F. *franc*, free.

153. **for ... you**, *i.e.* I call you Phaethon, for you can be no other than the foolish son of Merops who claimed Phœbus as his father. Merops was the husband of Clymene, who from an amour with Phœbus bore him a son Phaethon. Phaethon in his rashness begged of his father to be allowed to drive his chariot for one day in its diurnal course round the earth; but owing to his want of skill he was in danger of setting fire to the skies and earth. Jupiter therefore hurled him from the chariot and he fell into the river Po. The story is told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which Shakespeare probably read at school, though he may have

had it from Golding's translation, published in 1567. The point here is that Valentine's audacity in planning to carry off Silvia is as great as that of Phaethon, while by his failure he has shown himself to be but a poor creature, about whose human parentage there could be no doubt, as there was in the case of Phaethon.

158. **equal mates,** those of your own rank in life, not on those who, like my daughter, are so much above you, as much above you indeed as the stars in heaven are above the earth.

159. **patience,** long-suffering in not punishing you in worse fashion.

160. **Is privilege ... hence,** generously allows you to depart hence.

162. **all too much,** so wholly above your deserts; for **all,** see Abb. § 28.

164. **expedition,** haste.

168. **thy ... excuse,** any excuse you may wish to make and which would necessarily be a fruitless one.

175. **by,** present.

176. **And feed ... perfection,** and feed upon the empty thought of her whose presence is the divine reality.

177. **by,** near, at the side of.

182. **my essence,** my essential life, that which constitutes my being; **leave,** cease.

183. **influence,** a relic of the language of astrology in which 'influence' was a term for the power exercised by celestial bodies, and here applied to Silvia as being the sun of his life.

185. **I fly ... doom,** by flying from the deadly doom pronounced by the Duke I do not really escape death, for life without Silvia is to me death. There seems no necessity to read *this* for **his** with Dyce, or *is* with Singer. For the indefinite infinitive, see Abb. § 356.

186, 187. **Tarry ... life,** if I linger here, I do but wait for death to claim me, but I am no better off if I fly, for then I fly from life.

189. **Soho, soho!** the cry raised in hunting when the hare is seen flying from her 'form.'

191, 192, **there's ... Valentine,** playing on the words **hair** and *hare*, and again on the name of Speed's master and that of the Saint on whose day (February the 14th) birds are supposed to choose their mates, and young men and maidens exchanged tokens of love, poems, etc. Cp. *Haml.* v. 1. 51.

206. **possessed them,** taken possession of them.

211. **No ... Silvia,** true, there is no true-love for Silvia.

214. **No ... me,** *i.e.* if she has forsworn me, life is at an end for me.

217. **O ... news!** Clark and Glover would give these words to Valentine interrupting Proteus, and they seem to have but little force in the mouth of the latter.

220. **will ... surfeit,** will be more than I can digest, endure.

222. **the doom,** *sc.* pronounced by the Duke.

223. **which ... force,** which, unless it be revoked, holds good in all its severity.

225. **tendered.** Here the verb is from F. *tendre*, Lat. *tendere*, to stretch; when meaning to 'hold dear' it is from F. *tendre* (adj.), Lat. *tener*, tender. In *Haml.* i. 3. 107-109 Polonius plays upon the two senses.

226. **With them,** *sc.* she tendered.

227. **became them,** gave them such grace.

228. **but now,** only since she heard of your banishment.

230. **silver-shedding,** which looked as if they were a stream of silver.

232. **But ... die,** so as to save Valentine, if he be found remaining in Milan, from immediate death; for **But,** see Abb. § 122.

233. **chafed,** irritated.

234. **for thy repeal,** that you might be recalled from banishment; for **repeal,** cp. *Cor.* iv. 1. 41, *J. C.* iii. 1. 54.

236. **of ... there,** that she should be kept there for a long period.

240. **As ending ... dolour,** as a dirge chanted at the conclusion of my grief that knows no end; an intentional contradiction of terms; **anthem,** properly an offering of sacred song in divine service, but here, as in *V. A.* 839, 'Her heavy *anthem* still concludes in woe,' a mournful chant.

242. **study help,** let your endeavour be to discover what may help you in your present plight.

247. **manage ... thoughts,** and use it with skill to ward off, etc., to 'manage' weapons, arms, was to wield them (especially) with dexterity; cp. *R. II.* iii. 2. 118, ii. *H. IV.* iii. 2. 292, 301.

248. **Thy letters ... here,** there is nothing to prevent your communicating with Silvia by letter.

249. **writ to me,** addressed to me for deliverance to her.

251. **The time ... expostulate,** the time forbids our discussing the matter at length now; cp. iii. *H. VI.* ii. 5. 135.

252. **convey,** escort, attend upon.

253. **at large,** fully.

255, 256. **As thou ... me!** if not for your own sake yet on account of your love for Silvia, consider in what danger you place yourself by lingering in Milan, and therefore hasten with me outside its gates.

261, 262. **the wit to think,** sufficient sense to understand.

262, 263. **but that's ... knave,** but that's of no importance, does not matter, so long as he is one knave only. Johnson thinks that **one knave** may mean a knave on one occasion only, as in contrast with a double knave, a villain of the deepest dye, and Farmer and Steevens quote various passages that to a certain extent support this sense. Capell explains, 'My master is a kind of knave; but that were no great matter if he were but *one* knave; but he is *two*—a knave to his friend and a knave to his mistress.' Hanmer reads 'one kind of knave'; Warburton, 'one kind'; and Staunton conjectures 'one in love.'

264, 265. **but a team ... me,** *i.e.* no force however great. Cp. *T. N.* iii. 2. 64, 'I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together.'

268. **a bare Christian.** Steevens says, 'Launce is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked* ... Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-spaniel *covered with hairs of remarkable thickness.*' But this seems to be refining too much, and a 'bare Christian' probably means one who does not claim to be anything more than a mere Christian, a simple body neither better nor worse than her fellow creatures.

269. **cate-log,** Launce's blunder for 'catalogue.'

Imprimis, in the first place.

272. **jade,** properly a tired, panting, exhausted horse, but often applied to a tricky, skittish woman.

283. **jolt-head,** blockhead; = jolted head, one whose head has been knocked against another's or against the wall, a punishment for stupid or sulky scholars; *jolt*, to shake violently.

288. **O illiterate loiterer!** Here Launce probably uses **loiterer** without any clear idea as to its meaning, but merely as a good mouth-filling assonance with **illiterate.**

290. **in thy paper,** by giving me your paper to read.

291. **Saint Nicholas,** the patron saint of scholars. Various reasons are given why he was so considered, but these rest on legends only.

295, 296. **Blessing ... ale.** Steevens quotes from the ballad in Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*, stanza 3, 'Our ale's o' the best, And each good guest Prays for their souls that brew it'; **of** = on.

300. **What need ... stock?** what need a man care when marrying a woman what her parentage may be when she can knit him a stocking? Launce is punning on *stock* = lineage, and *stock*=stocking.

305. **may I set ... wheels,** may I let the world go round as it likes, pay no heed to what happens. Somewhat similarly *A. C.* ii. 7. 124, 'Cup us, till the world go round.'

310, 311. **She is not ... breath,** one must avoid kissing her before she has breakfasted for her breath is then far from sweet.

314. **a sweet mouth,** used with a quibble, the words meaning in one sense what we now call a 'sweet tooth,' *i.e.* a liking for sweetmeats, dainties, while Launce interprets the words as a mouth sweet in expression and kissable.

319. **O villain ... vices!** what a wretch was he who accounted it as a vice for a woman to be sparing of words!

323, 324. **Out ... her,** strike out that from the list of her faults, for she inherited that quality from our first mother, Eve, and cannot help possessing it.

326. **because ... crusts,** *i.e.* and when we are married I shall be glad to eat up the crusts.

327. **curst,** shrewish; Launce's answer perhaps alludes to the proverb quoted in *M. A.* ii. 1. 22, 'God sends a *curst* cow short horns.'

329. **She will ... liquor,** 'that is, shew how well she likes it by drinking often' (Johnson).

332. **liberal,** frequently used by Shakespeare in a bad sense, licentious, etc.

333. **cannot,** *sc.* be too free.

337. **She hath ... wit,** a common proverbial saying of which Steevens quotes several instances.

339, 340. **she was ... article,** twice or thrice as you rehearsed those particulars of her qualities, I was doubtful whether to marry her or not; an 'article' is a single clause, or a particular item, in a writing; the word literally meaning a 'little joint.'

344. **the salt,** what we now call the 'salt-cellar,' that which holds the salt at table. 'The ancient English salt cellar,' says Malone, 'was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover, to keep the salt clean. There was but one salt cellar on the dinner table, which was placed near the top of the table; and those who sat below the salt were, for the most part, of an inferior condition to those who sat above it.'

348. **O, that ... out!** would that that had been omitted from the list!

350. **gracious,** graceful, acceptable.

353, 354. **Why, then ... North-gate?** Having, out of revenge for Speed's reading his letter, befooled him into dawdling there when he should have been hastening to his master, Launce now

gives him the message which he would otherwise have delivered at once.

356. **who art thou?** *sc.* that your master should not have stayed for you when he has often stayed for some one of much greater importance? thus ludicrously inverting the natural order of things in which wonder would be expressed at a man's waiting for some one inferior to those for whom he thought himself bound to wait out of respect to their rank.

360. **going**, mere walking; cp. *Lear*, iii. 2. 94, 'Then comes the time, who lives to see 't, That *going* shall be used with feet.'

363. **swinged**, flogged, beaten.

365. **the boy**, giving himself an air of superiority.

SCENE II.

7. **trenched**, cut; F. *trancher*, to cut. Cp. *Macb.* iii. 4. 27, 'With twenty *trenched* gashes on his head.'

8. **his**, its; see Abb. § 228.

17. **conceit**, opinion.

19. **Makes ... thee**, makes one all the more inclined to, etc.; **the**, ablative of the demonstrative; see Abb. § 94.

26. **her**, for 'herself'; see Abb. § 223.

28. **persevers**, accented on the penultimate, as always in Shakespeare.

36. **circumstance**, circumstantial detail.

41. **very**, true, especial.

44. **indifferent**, neither good nor bad.

45. **Being ... friend**, in a case in which you are entreated to do it by a friend like myself.

49. **But ... love**, but supposing this scheme weed her love for Valentine out of her mind; cp. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 857, 'To *weed* this wormwood from your fruitful brain'; Rowe gave 'wean,' Keightley 'wind'; but Shakespeare was not careful about the mixing of metaphors.

51-53. **Therefore ... me.** 'As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body is a *bottom of thread*' (Johnson). Steevens quotes *Grange's Garden*, 1557, 'A *bottome* for your silke it seems My letters are become, Which oft with winding off and on Are wasted whole and some.' Cp. also *T. S.* iv. 3. 138, 'beat me to death with a *bottom* of brown thread'; and *The Virgin Martyr*, v. 1. 38, 'I, before the Destinies My *bottom did wind up*, would flesh myself, etc.

56. **in this kind**, in this way; cp. iii. 1. 90, above.

60. **Upon this warrant**, having this guarantee of your good faith that you will not yourself try to win Silvia's love.

62. **lumpish**, heavy, spiritless as a lump of clay or log of wood.

64. **temper**, mould her like wax to the shape we desire; cp. ii. *H. IV.* iv. 3. 140, 'I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.' The radical sense is that of restraining.

68. **lime**, birdlime, figuratively. Cp. *Haml.* iii. 3. 68, 'O *limed* soul, that, struggling to be free, Art more engaged!'

70. **serviceable vows**, vows of devotion to her service.

76. **moist**, moisten; cp. *A. C.* v. 2. 285; **feeling**, touching, plaintive, affecting.

77. **discover**, reveal; **such integrity**, such whole-hearted devotion as I have suggested; for **such**, Collier gave *strict* and Jervis conjectures *love's*; Malone suggests the loss of a line, and for **integrity**, Lettsom proposed *idolatry*.

78. **Orpheus**, the fabled poet of ancient story whose music was so enchanting that not only animals but trees and stones followed him; cp. *H. VIII.* iii. 1. 3-5. 'Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain tops that freeze, Bow themselves when he did sing.'

80. **leviathans**, monsters of the deep, great whales; Heb. *livyathan*, an aquatic animal, dragon, serpent; so called from its twisting itself in curves, Heb. root *lâvâh*, to cleave.

81. **unsounded**, deep beyond all sounding; for *-ed*=*-able*, see Abb. 375.

82. **elegies**, mournful songs.

84. **consort**, band of musicians; cp. ii. *H. VI.* iii. 2. 327.

85. **Tune ... dump**, in harmony with their instruments sing a mournful ditty, a complaint of your love; **dump**, a sorrowful strain, as in *Lucr.* 1127, and in the plural of low spirits, as in *M. A.* ii. 3. 373, the only sense that now survives.

86. **become**, be suitable to: **grievance**, sorrowful declaration of your unrequited love, your pangs of love; cp. iv. 3. 37. below.

87. **inherit**, gain possession of her for you; cp. *R. II.* ii. 1. 83, 'gaunt as a grave Whose hollow womb *inherits* nought but bones.'

88. **discipline**, instruction as to behaviour; cp. *J. C.* ii. 3. 32.

92. **sort**, choose out; Lat. *sors*, a lot.

94. **To give ... advice**, to set your advice in motion, to serve as a beginning in following your advice.

95. **About it ...!** set about it, lose no time.

98. **I will ... you**, I will excuse you from attendance upon me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

1. **stand fast**, do not move; **passenger**, wayfarer, passer-by.

3. **Stand**, do not attempt to flee.

10. **with me**, for the transposition, see Abb. 425: **proper**, fine-looking; Lat. *proprius*, own, then what is suitable to a person, and so comely, well-looking; the words 'of his hands' were often added, as in ii. *H. IV.* ii. 2. 72; or 'of his person,' as in *J. C.* i. 2, 209.

13. **habiliments**, clothes; so *habit*, above, ii. 7. 39, both from Lat. *habere*, to have.

14. **disfurnish**, strip, rob.

21. **some ... months**, about sixteen months; see Abb. § 21.

22. **crooked**, perverse, untoward.

29. **without ... vantage**, without taking advantage of him when unarmed or unprepared for my attack.

31. **for so ... fault**, to outlaws everyday used to rob and slay such a deed as killing a man in fair combat seems a mere trifle; cp. l. 52, below.

32. **held ... doom**, was only too glad to get off with so mild a punishment.

33. **Have ... tongues?** Are you able to speak the languages of different countries? cp. *M. V.* i. 3. 97, v. 1. 167.

34. **therein ... happy**, made me proficient in that respect, endowed me with that accomplishment; cp. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 277. Having used **happy** in this sense, Valentine goes on in the next line to use **miserable** in contrast with the ordinary sense of 'happy.'

36. **By the ... friar.** 'Friar Tuck, the well-known associate and *quasi* confessor of Robin Hood, whom Scott has immortalized in his "Ivanhoe," and of whom Drayton sings in his "Polyolbion,"—"Of *Tuck the merry Friar*, which many a sermon made In praise of Robin Hoode, his outlawes and his trade"' (Staunton). In *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 122 Shakespeare again mentions 'the old Robin Hood of England.' This personage, the subject of so many stories, was the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. Ousted from his possessions, he associated himself with others of like spirit, prominent among whom were Little John, Will Scarlett, and Friar Tuck, and took up his abode in the forest of Sherwood. There, living on the game they shot, spending their days in the practice of archery and other athletic sports, relieving wealthy travellers of their superfluous wealth, but treating the poorer ones with kindness and generous help, they passed some years of careless enjoyment and freedom: **bare scalp**, because friars shave the top of the head.

37. **were**, would be.

42. **to take to**, to resort to as an employment.

46. **awful**, 'men full of *awe* and respect for the laws of society and the duties of life' (Malone). Heath's conjecture, 'lawful' greatly enfeebles the expression.

48. **practising**, plotting.

49. **heir**, like the Lat. *haeres*, being formerly used of both sexes.

51. **mood**, *sc.* angry mood, passion; cp. *C. E.* ii. 2. 172.

53. **But ... purpose**, but to come to our main object, *sc.* that of choosing him for their leader.

53, 54. **for ... lives**, for this mention of the faults which drove us into exile is made merely in justification of the life we now live; he will not call them 'crimes.'

57. **perfection**, accomplishments.

58. **quality**, profession; used especially of the actor's profession; cp. *Haml.* ii. 2. 263, 'Will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?' said of the boy actors.

60. **we ... you**, we make these advances to you; see note on i. 2. 5, above.

62. **To make ... necessity**, to treat as a virtuous action that which necessity compels you to.

64. **consort**, company.

72. **silly**, simple, innocent, harmless.

74. **crews** has been altered to 'crew' and also to 'cave,' comparing v. 3. 12; but no change is necessary, **crews** meaning the component parts of the general band.

76. **dispose**, disposal.

SCENE II.

4. **prefer**, advance, promote; cp. *Oth.* ii. 1. 286.

6. **worthless**, *sc.* in her eyes.

8. **twits**, taunts.

9. **When ... vows**, when I endeavour to make my protestations of love agreeable to her by praising her beauty.

12. **sudden quips**, outbursts of sarcasm; cp. *M. A.* ii. 3. 249.

20. **Will ... go**, will with stealthy step make its way in offering service when it is afraid to do so boldly. Reed quotes a Scottish proverb, 'Kindness will *creep* where it cannot *gang*.'

22. **or else ... hence**, otherwise I should not be here.

23. **Who?** For the neglect of the inflection, see Abb. §274.

25. **and ... awhile,** and let us for the time make our music heard to the best of our powers.

26. **allycholy,** the host's blunder for 'melancholy'; cp. *M. W.* i. 4. 169.

34. **That ... music,** to hear him speak will be the sweetest music I can have.

39. **swains,** youths in love; cp. v. 4. 12; literally, a young man, peasant, from Icel. *sveinn*, a boy, lad, servant.

40. **Holy,** chaste, virtuous.

44. **For beauty ... kindness,** for kindness always goes with beauty, is its accompaniment, and so we may expect her to be kind.

45. **repair,** make its way; in this sense from Lat. *repatriare*, to return to one's country.

46. **To help ... blindness,** seeking her help to cure him of his blindness; for **help**=cure, cp. *Temp.* ii. 2. 97; for **of**, see Abb. § 166.

49. **excelling,** preeminent.

52. **garlands,** *sc.* for her adornment in token of our homage.

54. **likes, pleases;** for the impersonal use, see Abb. § 297.

57. **He plays false,** literally, he plays out of tune, but in Julia's mouth meaning he is false to me in joining in this love-song to Silvia: **father,** a term often used to any elderly person; so *gaffer*, *i.e.* grandfather, and *gammer*, grandmother, to very old people.

62. **it makes ... heart,** it makes me sad, makes my heart beat slow with pain, not fast with joy; of course for the play **upon quick,** used in the sense of acute in detecting a false note.

67. **that change ... spite,** it is that change (*sc.* in Proteus's love) that makes things so bitter to me.

68. **I would ... thing,** yes, that is just what I *do* desire; meaning that she wishes Proteus would always remain true to his love.

71. **resort,** pay visits to.

73. **out ... nick,** beyond all calculating; a 'nick,' or notch, was cut in a 'tally' (a piece of wood kept for reckoning) to denote the amount of goods sold, especially of liquor in taverns, and hence the phrase here of a tally which had been so long in use that there was no further room for a nick to be made in it. Cp. ii. *H. VI.* iv. 7. 39. Steevens quotes *A Woman Never Vexed*, 'I have carried the tallies at my girdle seven years together, for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*,' where the speaker is an inn-keeper.

77. **parts,** is about to separate.

80. **Where meet we?** what is the place at which we agreed to meet? **St. Gregory's well,** 'the only mention in Shakespeare of the holy wells which were the resort of pilgrims in olden time. The town of Holywell in North Wales takes its name from the famous well of Saint Winifred, which was enclosed in a beautiful Gothic temple, erected by the mother of Henry VII. and still standing' (Rolfe).

88. **compass,** see note on ii. 4. 210, above: **will,** in his mouth, goodwill, in hers, what she desires of him.

90. **hie you,** hasten; used reflexively.

92. **conceitless,** utterly wanting in good sense.

95. **make ... amends,** make such reparation to your mistress as is possible.

102, 103. **'Twere ... buried,** *i.e.* the lady he loved may be dead in the sense that there is to him no one whom he once loved, but the words would be false in my mouth, for, if dead to him, I am still above ground.

104. **be,** see Abb. § 368.

111. **let me ... earth,** let me disinter your buried love, recall it to life again; for **rake,** cp. *H. V.* ii. 4. 87, 'Nor from the dust of old oblivion *raked.*'

113. **sepulchre,** accented on the penultimate.

114. **He ... that,** he stopped his ears to those words.

116. **Vouchsafe,** deign to give me; properly two words 'vouch' and 'safe,' *i.e.* guarantee that a thing is safe; so in *Perkin Warbeck,* iii. 4. 11, '*Vouchsafe* a few words from a man enforced To lay his book aside,' the word means 'permit me without peril to say,' etc.

120. **Is else devoted,** is vowed, consecrated, to another.

125. **But since ... well,** apparently a confusion between 'Since it will well become (be in keeping with) your falseness to,' etc., and 'Since your falseness makes it becoming, suitable, to you to,' etc.

128. **As wretches,** *i.e.* such good rest I may expect as wretches, *i.e.* none at all.

131. **By my halidom,** by my sanctity, A.S. *halig,* sacred, holy, and *dom,* affix indicating condition, state, etc.; a petty form of oath, meaning no more than 'i' faith,' or old Gobbo's 'sonties,' from *santé,* health, or *sanctity, M. V.* ii. 2. 47.

132. **lies,** stays, resides; frequently of old of a temporary stay, no longer used in this sense, except in military parlance as 'the regiment lay that night at such or such town.'

136. **watch'd,** kept awake; **most heaviest,** for the double comparative, see Abb. § 11.

SCENE III.

2. **know her mind**, ascertain what she wishes me to do.

8. **impose**, injunction, imposition (in a good sense); cp. *dispose*, ii. 7. 86, above, and see *Abb.* § 451.

13. **Valiant ... accomplish'd.** To smooth the ruggedness of this line Pope gave 'Valiant *and* wise,' etc. Walker suspects the loss of a monosyllable before **Valiant**, and Wright conjectures 'Valiant, remorseful, well accomplish'd, wise.' There are also those who regard **Valiant** as a trisyllable! **remorseful**, charitable, kindly; 'remorse' being more generally used by Shakespeare for 'pity.'

16. **enforce me marry**, for the omission of *to*, see Abb. § 349.

17. **Vain**, empty-headed.

20. **and ... love**, who was your true love; the terms to him being synonymous.

21. **thou ... chastity**, you swore to live unmarried. 'It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives and husbands'... (Steevens).

22. **I would to.** For the omission of the verb of motion, see Abb. § 405.

23. **makes abode**, now dwells.

24. **for**, because.

25, 26. **I do ... repose**, I desire the honourable company of you upon whose, etc.

27. **Urge not**, do not lay emphasis upon as an objection.

31. **Which**, a thing which: **still**, ever.

37. **grievances**, sorrows, afflictions.

38. **Which since ... placed**, and since I know that those sorrows have about them nothing of which you need be ashamed; since the course to which they are driving you is impelled by virtuous feelings.

40. **Recking**, caring; cp. *Haml.* i. 3. 51.

41. **befortune**, see Abb. § 438.

44. **confession**, not of her intentions, or not merely of them, but the general confession of sins made in the Catholic Church to the priest at frequent intervals.

45. **Good morrow**, the ordinary salutation before noon, after which time 'goode'en' was used.

SCENE IV.

1. **a man's servant**, here of course his dog: **play the cur**, play a villainous trick.

2. **it goes hard**, it becomes a thing hard to bear.

2, 3. **of a puppy**, from his earliest days.

4. **went to it!** were put to that death.

5. **precisely**, in exact terms.

8. **steps me.** Here **me** represents the old dative, 'for me,' and expresses the interest, share, in an action communicated to another. So just below, 'thrusts *me*,' 'goes *me*,' 'makes *me*. See Abb. § 220.

trencher. 'In our author's time trenchers [*i.e.* wooden plates] were in general use even on the tables of the nobility. Hence Shakespeare, who gives to every country the customs of England, has furnished the Duke of Milan's dining table with them' (Malone). The word is from F. *trencher*, to cut, the platter being used to cut food upon. Cp. *R. J.* i. 5. 2.

10, **keep himself**, restrain himself; **keep** in this sense is frequent in Shakespeare, but is generally strengthened by an adverb.

11. **one that ... indeed**, one that ventures to play the part of a real dog.

12. **a dog ... things**, thoroughly up to his part in all respects; cp. *T. N.* ii. 3. 64, 'I am *a dog* at a catch,' *i.e.* a first rate hand at singing a catch.

22. **He makes ... ado**, he does not hesitate for a minute, he makes no more business of the matter than to whip me; **ado**, 'properly *v. inf.* = at do, which was the fuller form ... (1) pres. inf. To do ... (2) In doing, being done; at work, astir ... Hence through such phrases as *much ado*, etc., by taking the adverbs as adjectives qualifying *ado*, the latter was viewed as a substantive.' ... (Murray, *New English Dict.*).

24. **the stocks**, a contrivance for the punishment of vagrants and petty offenders, consisting of two blocks of wood, one above the other, working on a hinge, with the lower edge of the upper block and the upper edge of the lower block cut away sufficiently to admit the legs of the offender, which were then confined by the end opposite to the hinge being fastened by a hasp and padlock. These stocks were to be seen in villages not very many years ago.

puddings, sausages, exposed for sale in butchers' shops.

25, 26. **the pillory**, a frame of wood much resembling the stocks except that through the holes were thrust the head and hands of the offender. This implement of correction was used for

criminals of various kinds, and especially for those guilty of political offences.

27. **Thou thinkest ... now.** Here he turns to apostrophize his dog.

32. **these two days,** during these two last days.

37. **currish thanks,** snarling thanks, *i.e.* no thanks at all.

38. **received,** accepted.

42. **the other squirrel,** the other puppy, wretched little thing that it was; he contemptuously compares to a squirrel the toy dog that his master had intended as a present.

43. **hangman boys,** rascally boys; the hangman's trade in all ages being opprobrious.

49. **still an end,** ever, constantly; see note on i. 3. 65, above.

50. **entertained,** received into my service.

53. **For ... trusting,** for it is impossible to trust; there is no trusting.

56. **fortune,** manner of life.

60. **deliver'd,** *i.e.* who delivered; for the ellipse of the relative, see Abb. § 394.

61. **to leave her token,** in giving to another the ring which was a pledge of her love. For **leave,** in this sense, Mason compares *M. V.* v. 1. 172, 196.

68. **on him,** *i.e.* you.

70. **contrary,** perverse.

75. **Your message done,** when you have conveyed this message.

78, 79. **Alas ... lambs,** *i.e.* you cannot expect me faithfully to execute the commission you give me.

80. **poor fool!** having said 'Alas, poor Proteus,' she now commiserates herself for her folly in still continuing to love one who has proved unfaithful to her.

88. **To carry ... refused,** to carry that (*sc.* the ring and letter) which I should be glad to find that she would decline to receive.

89. **his faith,** the faith of him.

94. **As, heaven ... speed,** I will not plead for him with a warmth likely to be successful; for such success heaven knows, I do not desire; in **heaven it knows,** it merely emphasizes the adjuration: **speed,** the radical sense of the word is 'health.'

95. **mean,** intermediary, one by whom a purpose is effected; for the word as applied to a person, cp. i. *H. IV.* i. 3. 261.

102. **sends you,** sends to you.

107. **this shadow,** what is merely a shadow, whereas she would be a reality.

109. **unadvised**, unadvisedly, by mistake.

114. **hold**, be satisfied with having delivered his letter.

117. **new-found oaths**, that he has newly coined in confirmation of that newly inspired love of his.

123. **have profaned ... ring**, *sc.* by wearing as a token of love from his mistress and then offering it to me.

127. **tender her**, show such compunction for her wrongs.

133. **Belike**, as it seems; originally 'by like,' *i.e.* likelihood.

139. **But since ... looking-glass**, since she has ceased to take any interest in her personal appearance.

140. **mask**. These were much worn at the time both in order to save the complexion of the face from being tanned, as veils are now worn, and also to conceal the features in such places as theatres, etc., where the wearer did not wish to be recognized.

142. **And pinch'd ... face**, and discoloured her fair complexion by breathing on it with too rude a touch. Cp. *A. C.* i. 5. 28. We still speak of 'pinching cold,' as when frost nips the buds of flowers, or the cold shrivels the features, but not of 'pinching' heat: **lily-tincture**, Shakespeare is thinking of the white lily.

143. **black**, dark, *sc.* by the tanning of the sun.

145. **Pentecost**. Whitsuntide, originally a Jewish festival; the word means the fiftieth day, *sc.* after the Passover. Whitsuntide was among the many festivals of olden days, such as Christmas, Easter, Hallowmas (all of religious origin), and May-Day, Midsummer, Harvest Home (of secular origin), etc., which were celebrated by festivities of various kinds, the acting of plays among others.

146. **pageants of delight**, merry-making shows; the word 'pageant' originally meant a moveable scaffold, such as was used in the representation of the old mystery plays.

148. **trimm'd**, decked up. Till the Restoration women's parts were always played by boys in female costume.

149. **fit**, fitly.

152. **agood**, plentifully; from *a*, prep. representing *on* or *in*, and *good*; cp. *afresh*. Malone compares *The Jew of Malta*, ii., 'And therewithal their knees have rankled so, That I have laughed *a-good*'; and Turbeville's *Tragicall Tales*, 'Whereat she waylde and wept *a-good*.'

154. **Ariadne**, whom Theseus had loved and left: **passioning**, passionately lamenting; cp. *Temp.* v. 1. 24, *V. A.* 1059.

157-159. **That my ... sorrow!** She of course means herself in all this.

160. **beholding**, the active participle, originated in a mistake for 'beholden,' the passive participle, in the sense of under an

obligation, a sense which is not found in other parts of the verb, though a natural one of *be-hold*. The word in this form and with this sense is very frequent in Elizabethan literature.

168. **I hope ... cold,** I hope that she will still look but coldly on my master's suit; cp. *M. V.* ii. 7. 73. Here and in the next line, though now alone, she continues to speak of herself in the part she is playing.

170. **how love can ... itself!** *i.e.* how foolish it is of Proteus to fancy that Silvia is fairer than myself!

172. **tire,** attire; but specially of head dress in which for indoor wear ladies of old were very profuse; cp. *M. W.* iii. 3. 60, 'thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship *tire*, the *tire* valiant, or any *tire* of Venetian admittance.'

175. **Unless ... little,** unless, in comparing myself to her, I rate myself too high, *i.e.* I am fully as lovely, or perhaps more so, for in this likeness Silvia's beauty has been somewhat exaggerated; to 'flatter with' was an idiom of the day.

176. **auburn,** ruddy brown with golden gleams: **perfect yellow,** of a pale gold colour.

178. **periwig.** 'It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*' ... (Steevens). Shakespeare refers frequently to false hair.

179. **grey,** here = blue.

180. **her forehead 's low,** a high forehead was formerly much admired in women; cp. *A. C.* iii. 3. 36, *her forehead As low* as she would wish it,' where the Messenger is depreciating Octavia's looks.

181, 182. **What should ... myself?** What can there be in her that he regards so highly that I cannot show in my own person as being worthy of a like regard? **should be,** can there possibly be; see Abb. § 325: for the passive sense of **respective,** capable of being respected, regarded; see Abb. § 445. For the sequence of tenses in **I can ... were not,** see Abb. § 371.

184. **shadow ... shadow,** in the former case herself, as being in respect to Proteus no more than a shadow of what she had once been; in the latter the portrait of Silvia.

186. **shalt be,** are destined to be.

188. **My substance ... stead,** my substance, I myself in the flesh, ought to be the object of his idolatry instead of this shadow of you; **statue** here for 'image,' such as the images of saints before which good Catholics bow the knee.

190. **so,** *i.e.* kindly.

191. **unseeing eyes,** eyes that are blind to realities, to the true value of things.

ACT V. SCENE I.

6. **So much ... expedition,** such spur do they set to their haste, so eagerly do they spur themselves on to greater speed.

9. **postern,** back gate.

10. **attended,** followed; shadowed, as we might now say.

12. **If we ... enough,** if we can reach that before they come up with us, there will be no further risk; in **recover,** there is no sense of getting *again*, but merely of gaining, reaching; cp. *Temp.* iii. 2. 15.

SCENE II.

3. **takes exceptions,** finds fault with; in this phrase we more generally use the singular 'exception.'

5. **little,** small in girth; but there are numerous passages in the dramatists in which 'little legs' are spoken of as marks of good birth.

7. **spurn'd,** with allusion to 'boot' in the line above.

10. **the wanton,** impudent minx as she is; **black,** dark, swarthy.

12. **Black ... eyes.** Steevens quotes Heywood's *Iron Age*, 'a *black complexion* is always gracious in a woman's eyes.'

13. **'Tis true ... eyes.** Here the allusion is to a disease in the eye called a 'pearl in the eye,' small spots of white, the commencement of cataract; cp. Middleton, *The Spanish Gipsy*, ii. 1. 166, '*A pearl in the eye!* I thank you for that; *do you wish me blind?*'

14. **wink,** close my eye.

18. **hold your peace,** say nothing at all.

23. **well derived,** descended from an ancient and noble stock.

24. **from ... fool,** the descent in your case being that from, etc.

28. **owe,** own; as frequently in the language of the time.

29. **That ... lease.** Steevens quotes the following explanation by Lord Hailes in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1786:—'By Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments*: and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master, (who is a fool,) but are leased out to another.' But there is perhaps a further allusion to the phrase 'to beg a person for a fool.' 'In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profit of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject' ... (Nares, *Gloss.*). To this statute there is an allusion in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 490.

35. **peasant**, low fellow.

38. **As he ... forest.** In the Catholic Church various penances for sins confessed are prescribed as a condition of absolution granted to the sinner; and here the penance enjoined on Friar Laurence is that he shall pass some hours in the dreariness of the forest.

40. **being mask'd**, *i.e.* she being masked.

46. **Upon ... mountain-foot**, at the foot of the mountain where its spur begins to grow steep.

49. **peevish**, foolishly perverse.

52. **reckless**, that does not care what she does.

56. **Than hate**, than out of hatred: **gone for love**, who has fled from her home out of love for Valentine.

SCENE III.

4. **brook**, endure; cp. *K. J.* iii. 1. 36.

11. **thicket**, copse, thick wood: **beset**, surrounded by our companies.

SCENE IV.

2. **shadowy desert**, this deserted spot made gloomy by the overhanging trees. Dyce reads 'These shadowy deserts,' etc., comparing *Lear* i. 1. 65, 'with *shadowy forests* and with champains rich'd,' and asserts that a 'shadowy desert' is 'scarcely sense.'

5. **to**, in harmony with.

6. **record.** The exact meaning of this word seems doubtful. According to Palgrave, it is properly applied to the chattering of birds before they have learned to sing; Cotgrave and Coles on the other hand explain it of the rivalry of birds answering one another's note. Barrington, quoted by Way in a note to the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, says, 'The early note of song-birds was termed recording, from the instrument formerly called recorder,' a kind of flute or bird-pipe. See Dyce, *Gloss.*

7. **thou**, *sc.* love.

11. **Repair**, give fresh life to; carrying on the metaphor in ll. 8-10.

15. **Have.** If the reading of the line above is sound, we must supply 'they.' Collier reads, 'These my rude mates'; Singer, ''Tis sure my mates'; and Taylor conjectures, 'Ah, these my mates.'

21. **To hazard**, namely to hazard.

22. **forced your honour**, done violence to your person.

23. **meed**, reward; sometimes used for 'merit.'

27. **to forbear awhile**, not to rush in and claim Silvia.

32. **And me ... presence**, *sc.* from jealousy.

37. **tender**, dear, tenderly loved.

42. **calm**, gentle.

43. **and ... approved**, and one proved by many an instance.

47, 48. **thou ... oaths**, you then protested your loyalty by a thousand several oaths.

49. **Descended ... me**, deteriorated into perjury when you gave your love to me; **to love**, the indefinite infinitive.

52. **Than plural ... one**, than a double faith which is one too many.

57. **at arms' end**, using those means which a soldier would use when at sword's length encountering an enemy, *i.e.* employing might in place of right.

58. **And love ... love**, and show my love to you in a way contrary to love, by compelling you to yield to my desires.

61. **Thou ... fashion**, you who show your friendship in so evil a way.

62. **Thou ... love**, you friend of a type so common nowadays, a friend without, etc.

64. **Beguiled my hopes**, cheated me of the trust I had in your friendship.

68. **to the bosom**, to the very heart, utterly.

70. **But count ... sake**, but on account of your treachery never again hope to find anyone trustworthy in friendship.

71. **The private ... deepest**, *i.e.* much deeper than a public one.

75. **ransom**, price paid by way of atonement.

76. **tender**, see note on iv. 1. 225, above.

77. **commit**, was guilty of offence.

78. **I do ... honest**, I welcome you again to my friendship as being honourable.

84. **me**, for me; the dative.

86. **wag**, a playful form of address to a boy.

93. **cry you mercy**, I ask your pardon.

95. **depart**, departure; cp. ii. *H. VI.* i. 1. 2.

100. **gave aim**, that was the target at which all your vows of love were aimed. The figure is suggested by archery, in which a man stationed near the butts pointed out, after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark. Cp.

The White Devil, iii. 1, 'I am at the mark, sir: I'll *give aim* to you, And tell you how near you shoot.'

102. **cleft the root**, pierced my very heart; a continuation of the metaphor from archery, in which to 'cleave the pin,' or 'clout,' was to hit the very centre; the pin or clout being that by which the target was fastened at the centre to its stand.

103. **habit**, dress, her page's disguise.

105, 106. **if shame ... love**, if indeed a disguise worn on account of love brings with it shame.

107, 108. **It is ... minds**, for modesty allows that it is, etc.: **shape**, outward appearance.

112. **Inconstancy ... begins** may mean 'inconstancy is not constant even for a breath to that to which it has gone over.' But perhaps, putting a full stop at **sins**, we should read *where* for **ere** and connect the sentiment with the two next lines; my inconstancy ceases where it began; as I began by being inconstant to Julia, so my inconstancy brings me back to her; he thus stating as a general truth what is true in his particular case only. For **falls off** = deserts an alliance, cp. *Lear*, i. 2. 116.

113, 114. **What is ... eye!** *i.e.* there is nothing in Silvia's face which does not appear with greater lustre in that of Julia when I look upon her with the eye of constancy; a question of appeal expecting a negative answer.

115. **a hand from either**, let each of you give me a hand in order that I may unite the two in this happy reconciliation.

125. **give back**, stand back, do not venture to touch her.

126. **measure**, range, where my wrath may reach you.

128. **Verona.** Here again is the confusion between Verona and Milan. Various alterations have been made, such as 'And Milan,' etc., 'Milano,' etc., but it is better to leave it: **hold**, contain, be your abode.

130. **I dare thee**, I challenge you on the penalty of immediate death.

136. **To ... means**, to use such endeavour. Steevens compares *R. III.* v. 3. 40.

137. **leave**, give up, forsake.

143, 144. **Plead ... subscribe**, set out a new plea on your behalf based upon your singular merits, revise my estimate of your worth and attest it in the following words; the language is quasi-legal. This seems to be the meaning with a comma after **again**, as in the folios, which I believe to be the right punctuation. Others, putting a full stop after **again**, take **Plead** as an imperative = do thou plead. This sudden change of construction seems to me impossible. If we had had 'And I will thus subscribe,' it would have been less unlikely.

155, 156. **They ... employment.** Language hardly in keeping with that of v. 4. 16, 17.

158. **Dispose of them,** assign to them such position and occupation, etc.

159. **include,** shut up, bring to a close; Steevens compares *Macb.* ii. 1. 16. 'and *shut up* In measureless content.'

160. **triumphs,** public festivities, such as tournaments, masques, etc.: **solemnity,** stately ceremonies.

168. **That ... fortuned,** so that you will be filled with wonder at what has chanced to happen.

170. **discovered,** revealed.

The following is an abstract of Daniel's Time-Analysis:—

'Day 1. Act i. sc. i. and ii.
Interval: a month perhaps; perhaps sixteen months.[1]
,, 2. Act i. sc. iii. and Act ii. sc. i.
,, 3. Act ii. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval: Proteus's journey to Milan.
,, 4. Act ii. sc. iv. and v.
Interval of a few days.
,, 5. Act ii. sc. vi. and vii., Act iii., and Act iv. sc. i.
Interval, including Julia's journey to Milan.
,, 6. Act iv. sc. ii.
,, 7. Act iv. sc. iii. and iv., and Act v.'

[1] This is in reference to Valentine's assertion, iv. 1. 24, that he had sojourned in Milan 'some sixteen months'; but, Daniel points out, this period is not wanted for the plot of the play.

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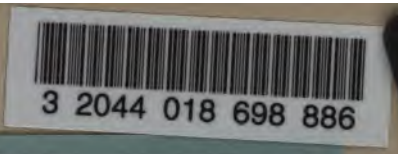

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